

POWER

COMICS

10¢
IN CANADA 15¢
P.D.C.

NO. 1





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

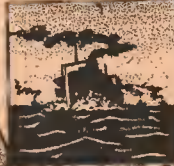
SPECIAL TELESCOPE OFFER!

Here is the most remarkable offer that we have ever made. Now you can see most everything you want to see! Now you can bring distant objects so clearly close to your eye that they will seem almost near enough to touch. Why feel frustrated and baffled by something far away that you want to see in full detail. Why be limited in your vision when you can multiply it 13 to 15 times with the amazing super-powered lenses in this GIANT telescope. Quickly overcome the handicap of distance . . . the magnification does it like magic. This new telescopic invention is a miracle of mass production economy and engineering ingenuity. Made of available war-time materials, it is the equal in performance of telescopes that sell for as much as \$15.00. Think of the wonderful fun you can have by extending your vision 30 miles in full, clear detail. Read on for full explanation of this really remarkable invention.

SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



LARGE
PRECISION-
GROUND,
OPTICAL
LENSES

THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE *with SUPER-POWER*

**NOW—SEE GREAT OR
SHORT DISTANCES—with
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!**

brings distant objects close to your eyes!

and this *FREE* CARRYING CASE!



This beautiful, military-looking carrying case is yours absolutely FREE with this offer. It is made of heavy canvas that fits over the telescope, making it easy to carry, and protects it from dust, dirt and rain. It fastens at the top by a drawstring, and can be secured easily and comfortably around your wrist. Carrying case is absolutely FREE with this offer so send the coupon today.

The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has several precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 4 feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, beauties on the beach, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is \$2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes at this lens construction and size sell up to \$15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!

5 DAYS FREE TRIAL— RUSH COUPON

Just send coupon with \$3.00 and get your GIANT TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE postage paid. If you prefer, just send coupon with no money and get yours C.O.D. at \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges. Use it for 5 days and if you are not satisfied, return it and your purchase price will be refunded. Send coupon today! Invention Co., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, New York 8, N. Y.



BIRDS



BALL GAMES



SPORTS



THE HEAVENS

INVENTION COMPANY, Dept. T-411

P.O. Box 281, Church Street Annex
New York 8, N. Y.

☐ I am enclosing \$3.00. Send me TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE immediately. You pay postage. I can return in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above).

NAME

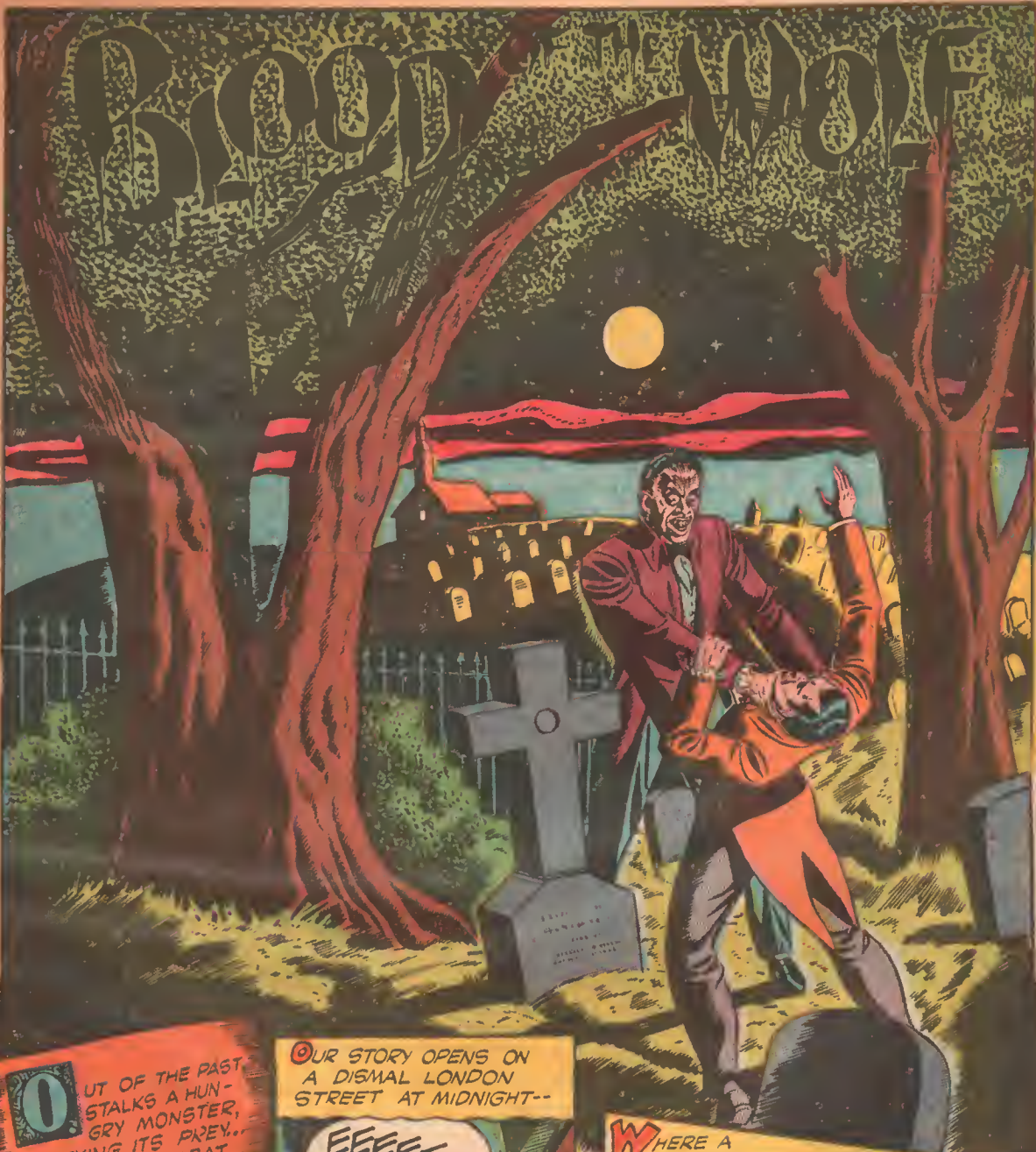
JVJ-NARFSTAR

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE

STATE

BLOOD OF THE WOLF



OUR STORY OPENS ON
A DISMAL LONDON
STREET AT MIDNIGHT--

EEEEEEK!

WHERE A
LONE FIEND SKULKS
AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!

OUT OF THE PAST
STALKS A HUN-
GRY MONSTER,
SEEKING ITS PREY..
WHO CAN COMBAT
THIS EVIL...? WHO
IS RESPONSIBLE FOR
HIS BEING...? READ
ON AND LEARN THE
HIDEOUS TRUTH
ABOUT THE

"BLOOD OF
the
WOLF!"



THE NEXT MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

ANOTHER MURDER!
SOMETHING'S **GOT**
TO BE DONE ABOUT
THIS....

THE PUBLIC IS
BEGINNING
TO CRITICIZE US!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS!

GENTLEMEN!



THIS IS A
PLEASANT
SURPRISE,
INSPECTOR
HARGROVE!

I THOUGHT I'D
VISIT YOU
CHAPS BEFORE
SCOTLAND YARD
STARTED AN
INVESTIGATION!

WHAT
CAN WE DO?
WE'RE
UP A TREE!

MAYBE THE
SOLUTION IS
SIMPLER THAN
YOU THINK!

THESE CRIMES INTEREST
ME... I AM SUPPOSED TO
BE ENGLAND'S FOREMOST
AMATEUR CRIME DETECTIVE!
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE --
I THINK I HAVE AN ANSWER
TO ALL THESE WEIRD
MURDERS!

WHAT
CAN IT BE?



THE VICTIMS HAVE
BEEN FOUND SCRATCHED
AND CLAWED AS IF THEY
WERE ATTACKED BY A
FEROCIOUS
ANIMAL --

QUITE
TRUE...
BUT WHO
DO YOU
THINK THIS
MONSTER
CAN BE?



THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO
FIND OUT... BECAUSE I
HAVE A HUNCH... AND I'D
LIKE TO ASK YOU A FAVOR!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY MAIL....

I SEE WHERE THE RETIRED INSPECTOR HARGROVE HAS INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THESE MURDERS!

I'M JOLLY WELL GLAD THAT HE HAS. I'LL FEEL SAFER ON THE STREETS AT NIGHT, KNOWING THAT INSPECTOR HARGROVE IS WORKING ON THE CASE!

AND, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'M GLAD THAT HARGROVE INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THIS MESS...WHAT WAS THE FAVOR HE ASKED YOU?

NOTHING MUCH, HE MERELY ASKED TO HAVE ME ASSIGN YOUNG CARL BRANDON TO WORK WITH HIM--

BRANDON? HE'S ONE OF YOUR YOUNGEST MEN, ISN'T HE?

HE IS... BUT HE'S VERY INTELLIGENT! HE'LL LEARN A LOT FROM INSPECTOR HARGROVE!

THAT NIGHT IN A LONDON RESTAURANT...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I CHOSE YOU TO HELP ME ON THIS CASE--?

YES...I AM-- I'M QUITE FLATTERED BECAUSE A PERSON WHO IS AS IMPORTANT AS YOU SHOULD SINGLE ME OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS!

YOU'RE THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF THE LOT-- TO-NIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE-- I THINK--

YOU MEAN THAT YOU--?

YES... I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE WEREWOLF...BUT I WANT YOU TO GET THE CREDIT FOR NABBIN' HIM-- NOT ME!

I WANT YOU TO MEET ME ON THE NORTH END OF LONDON BRIDGE JUST AFTER MID-NIGHT--WE CAN THEN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING RIGHT AWAY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR... I'LL BE THERE!

A FEW HOURS LATER!



THE INSPECTOR SAID A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT...I WONDER HOW LONG I HAVE TO WAIT.?

Then SUDDENLY FROM THE SHADOWS, THE FIGURE OF A MAN EMERGES...

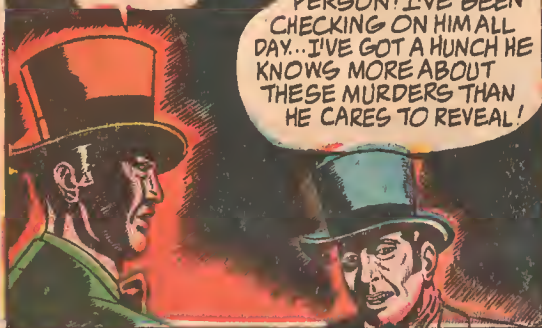


HARRISON! GOOD HEAVENS... WHAT A COINCIDENCE... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, BRANDON, I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU..

WARN ME?... OF WHAT?

THIS HARGROVE.. HE'S A STRANGE PERSON! I'VE BEEN CHECKING ON HIM ALL DAY... I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THESE MURDERS THAN HE CARES TO REVEAL!



INSPECTOR HARGROVES?... WHY THAT'S RIDICULOUS, HARRISON!



RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? PERHAPS, BRANDON... BUT, AS A FAVOR TO ME, YOUR BROTHER OFFICER... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF... WE'RE DEALING WITH A DANGEROUS MADMAN!

I'LL TAKE CARE! THANKS LOADS, HARRISON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER FIGURE COMES OUT FROM THE SHADOWS TO GREET BRANDON

HELLO, BRANDON.. THIS BLASTED FOG IS SETTING IN... WHAT DID HARRISON HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ME?

OH! NOTHING REALLY.. HE HAPPENED TO BE TAKING A MID-NIGHT STROLL ON THE BRIDGE... DID YOU SEE HIM?



BUT DEFINITELY... I SUPPOSE YOU THINK IT'S STRANGE THAT I SHOULD CHOOSE SUCH A LONELY SPOT FOR A TALK WITH YOU!



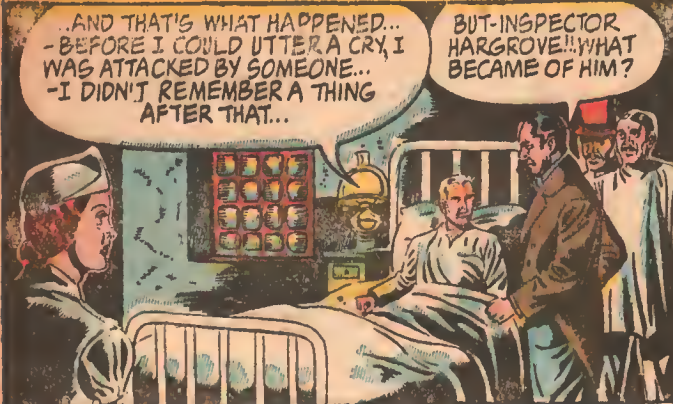
FRANKLY.. I AM.. WHY?

BUT BRANDON NEVER HEARS AN ANSWER TO HIS QUERY... FOR AT THAT MOMENT STRONG HANDS FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE BRIDGE STIFLE HIS WORDS..



ARRGH!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT A LONDON HOSPITAL...



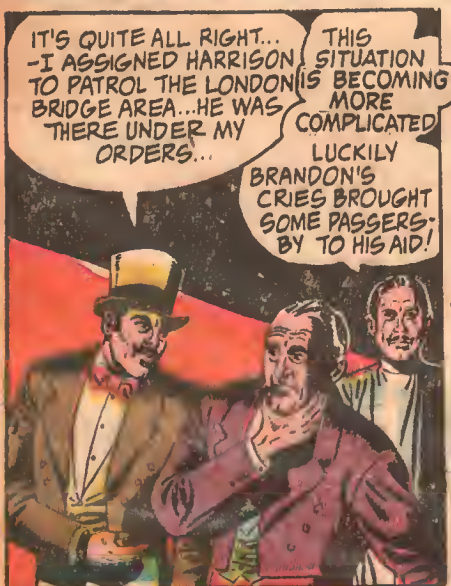
...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED...
- BEFORE I COULD UTTER A CRY, I
WAS ATTACKED BY SOMEONE...
- I DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING
AFTER THAT...

BUT-INSPECTOR
HARGROVE!! WHAT
BECAME OF HIM?



I DON'T KNOW... I HAVE
NO KNOWLEDGE OF
ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED...
- I REMEMBER SPEAKING
TO DETECTIVE HARRISON
ONLY A FEW MINUTES
BEFORE I WAS
ATTACKED!

HARRISON? WHAT ON
EARTH WAS HE DOING
THERE?



IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...
- I ASSIGNED HARRISON
TO PATROL THE LONDON
BRIDGE AREA... HE WAS
THERE UNDER MY
ORDERS...

THIS
SITUATION
IS BECOMING
MORE
COMPLICATED

LUCKILY
BRANDON'S
CRIES BROUGHT
SOME PASSERS-
BY TO HIS AID!



LATER IN THE
DAY AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS...

HERE'S THE PROBLEM
WE'RE FACED WITH...
AS FAR-FETCHED AS IT
SOUNDS, IT'S QUITE
POSSIBLE THAT EITHER
HARGROVE OR HARRISON
MIGHT HAVE ATTACKED
BRANDON...

DON'T
BE RIDIC-
ULOUS...
BOTH
THESE
MEN HAVE
REPUTA-
TIONS THAT
CAN BEAR IN-
VESTIGATION!

PERHAPS... BUT
WHAT HAPPENED
TO THEM, THEN?
WHY AREN'T
THEY HERE TO
ASSIST US...?
THEY WERE
NOT AT
HOME ALL
NIGHT!

MMM...
THERE
MIGHT
BE A LOT
IN WHAT
YOU SAY...
- LET'S GO
INTO MY
OTHER
OFFICE!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER IN HIS OFFICE ---

I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN, THAT IF INSPECTOR
HARGROVE AND DETECTIVE HARRISON
DON'T ARRIVE SHORTLY WITH AN
EXPLANATION OF THEIR ACTIVITIES
LAST NIGHT, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE STEPS!



THAT WON'T BE
NECESSARY, INSPECTOR
WILLIAMSON...

HARGROVES!
HARRISON!!



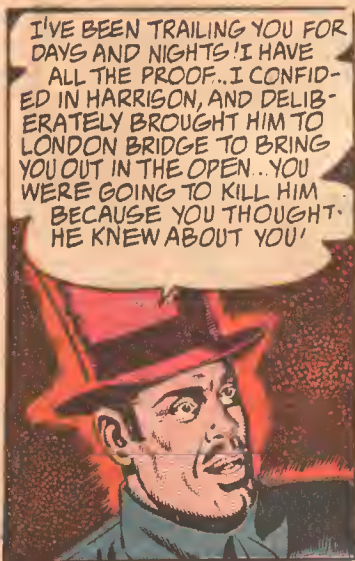
YOU SEE, WILLIAMSON...
HARRISON AND I KNOW
WHO THIS FIEND IS...

WHO? WHO IS
IT?



THERE'S YOUR MURDERER...
INSPECTOR WILLIAMSON!!!

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE CRAZY!



I'VE BEEN TRAILING YOU FOR
DAYS AND NIGHTS! I HAVE
ALL THE PROOF... I CONFID-
ED IN HARRISON, AND DELIB-
ERATELY BROUGHT HIM TO
LONDON BRIDGE TO BRING
YOU OUT IN THE OPEN... YOU
WERE GOING TO KILL HIM
BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT
HE KNEW ABOUT YOU!



ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOLS!
-SO YOU KNOW MY
SECRET! STAND BACK
ALL OF YOU OR I'LL
KILL YOU!!

YOU WON'T
GET AWAY
WITH THIS,
WILLIAM-
SON!



WON'T I? YOU'LL
SEE... AND YOU'LL ALL
REGRET THIS!!!

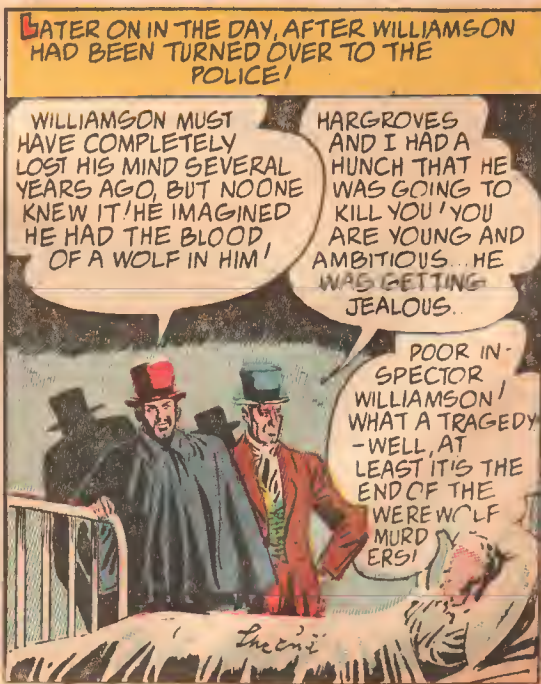
NO
YOU
DON'T
WILLIAM-
SON!



ARGGH!

HOLD
HIM!

GRAB
HIM!



LATER ON IN THE DAY, AFTER WILLIAMSON
HAD BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE
POLICE!

WILLIAMSON MUST
HAVE COMPLETELY
LOST HIS MIND SEVERAL
YEARS AGO, BUT NOONE
KNEW IT! HE IMAGINED
HE HAD THE BLOOD
OF A WOLF IN HIM!

HARGROVES
AND I HAD A
HUNCH THAT HE
WAS GOING TO
KILL YOU! YOU
ARE YOUNG AND
AMBITIOUS... HE
WAS GETTING
JEALOUS.

POOR IN-
SPECTOR
WILLIAMSON!
WHAT A TRAGEDY!
-WELL, AT
LEAST IT'S THE
END OF THE
WEREWOLF
MURDER-
ERS!

Lucini

THE GREAT CIRCUS MURDER

or The Elephant's REVENGE!

A SUPER-COLOSSAL SPECTACLE
OF SUSPENSE, LOADED WITH 1001
THRILLS & MYSTERY!

REVENGE!

BLAINE'S CIRCUS
presents

**THE BIRD OF
PARADISE**

IN HER SPECTACULAR
200 FOOT LEAP INTO A
10-FOOT TANK!!

Today! Today!

BEHIND YON TINSEL
AND GLITTER THAT MAKE
UP THE LIVES OF CIRCUS
FOLK LURKS THE MYSTERIOUS
--- THE UNKNOWN --- THE
PITFALLS, TRAGEDIES, AND
HEARTACHES OF THE PEOPLE
WHO AMUSE AND THRILL US WITH
THEIR FEATS AND DARING ---

--- THIS IS SUCH A STORY ---
--- IT BEGINS IN THE DRESSING
ROOM OF LORNA LA VERNE
BILLED AS ---

"The Bird of Paradise"

YOU--
MR. GRIER!
ARE ONE
PHONEY PRESS
AGENT-- IF YOU
DON'T GIVE ME
MORE OF A BUILD-UP,
I'LL QUIT THE SHOW--
LIKE THIS--!!!

GO AHEAD! WHO CARES? I
TAKE ORDERS FROM THE
OWNERS OF THIS SHOW--
PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE
WHETHER YOU'RE ALIVE
OR DEAD!

IS THAT
SO---?

YEAH, THAT'S SO! AND
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY
SQUAWKS, ABOUT IT,
SEE BLAINE, NOT
ME!





NEXT DAY -- A NEW TOWN -- AND
RAJAH, THE ELEPHANT, HEADS THE PARADE



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -- AS GEN-
ERAL MANAGER, I WELCOME YOU TO
THE GREATEST SHOW ON
EARTH --! IT'S FULL OF
FUN, WONDER AND
THRILLS BOTH FOR
YOUNG AND
FOR OLD!



THEN, AS RAJAH'S
KEEPER TRIES TO
RESTRAIN HIM -- RAJAH
SWINGS HIS TRUNK
TOWARD BLAINE,
THE MANAGER!

RAJAH!



RAJAH!
NO! NO!

HEY! WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?



DON'T LET THAT ELEPHANT
DO THAT AGAIN !...
IF HE DOES -- YOU'RE
THROUGH!



LATER -- RAJAH BECOMES MORE UNMANAGEABLE,
AND HIS KEEPER ENDEAVORS TO SUBDUE HIM!

ARRAWWA

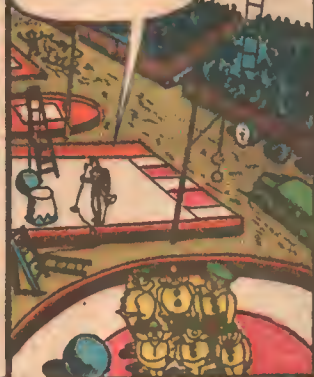
SAY -- DIDJA SEE
RAJAH KNOCK OFF
DA BOSS'S HAT?
RAJAH MUST RE-
MEMBER HOW HE
WHIPPED QUEENIE!

YEAH -- QUEENIE
WAS ONLY A DOG --
BUT SHE WAS RAJAH'S
PAL -- 'S' FUNNY HOW
ANIMALS REMEMBER
THINGS!

THAT AFTER-
NOON, KIDDIES
THRILL TO THE
CIRCUS
WONDERS--
AND-- THAT
NIGHT,
THE TORCHES
FLAME
AGAIN--
THE
EVENING
SHOW
IS ON!!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
THE BIRD OF PARADISE
USUALLY COMES ON AT
THIS HOUR--INSTEAD SHE
WILL APPEAR AT THE END
OF THE
PERFORMANCE!



MEANWHILE--IN THE PRESSING ROOM OF THE
BIRD OF PARADISE---

DON'T BE A FOOL, LORNA---! WHY DO YOU
ARGUE WITH ME? GO ON WITH YOUR
ACT-- BLAINE IS AN IDIOT---HE'LL NEVER
BE ANYTHING BUT A---

NO-
NO--!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, GRIER--I'M HERE IN
PERSON, TO DEFEND MYSELF--YOU'VE BEEN
PICKING QUARRELS WITH LORNA LONG ENOUGH,
YOU CHEAP PUPCITY HACK-- YOU'RE FIN-
ISHED--GET OUT!

O.K. BLAINE --



LORNA -- DON'T BELIEVE
ANYTHING HE SAID ABOUT
ME -- I LOVE YOU!

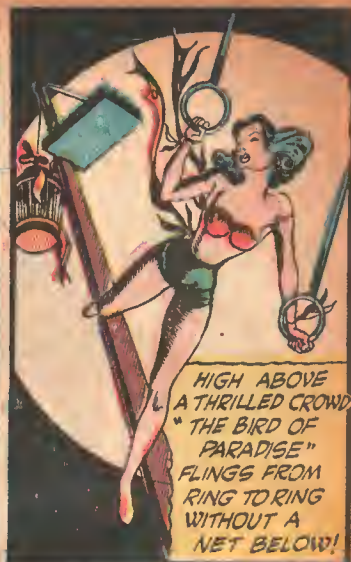
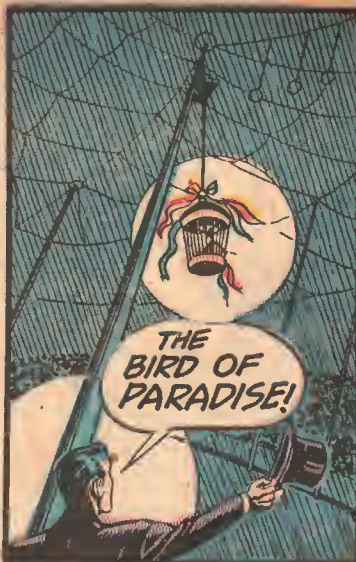
LET'S GIVE UP THIS
GLITTER AND NONSENSE
AND GET MARRIED--

ALEX! STOP
HURTING MY
ARM! YOU
KNOW WHO
I LOVE!



I'M SORRY, FORGIVE ME, LORNA--!
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS -- IT CAN'T
BE GRIER--HE HATES YOU, LORNA!
COME ON--THEY'RE WAITING FOR
YOU OUTSIDE!





MISTER BLAINE--"BIRD OF PARADISE"--FELL! MISSED TANK! DEAD! EVERY-ONE'S TALKING--BLAME GRIER--I-I--

DEAD? GET GRIER IN HERE-- NOW!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I HAVE PROOF THAT HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH! ARREST HIM!

BLAINE! BLAINE! NO!

MEANWHILE TROUBLE BREWING IN THE MENAGERIE!

AWAWWARRGH--

-- AND RAJAH MAKES A BREAK

RAJAH'S LOOSE! HE GOT AWAY!

HUH?

AWAWWAHH

GET UNDER COVER-- QUICK!

SUDDENLY, RAJAH TURNS ON BLAINE!

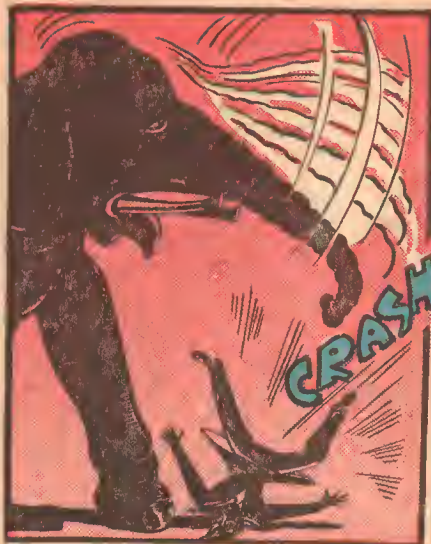
NO! RAJAH! RAJAH! RAJAH!

AND ALONG A BUSY STREET, A MAD CHASE GOES ON--

WHEN RAJAH CATCHES UP WITH BLAINE, AND--

AWAWWARRGH

RIE-E!



~ THEN, RAJAH, CALMLY WALKS AWAY.....

HEY!

GET THE ELEPHANT!



THIS HAD TO HAPPEN -- BUT GRIER **DID NOT KILL HER!** I-I WILL TELL ALL--



SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH GRIER ALL THE TIME SHE HATED HIM-- WOMEN ARE--ARE SUCH STRANGE CREATURES-- I WAS SO MAD ABOUT HER, THAT I'D **KILL** FOR HER--!



- IT'S FUNNY HOW AN ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS--WE USED TO HAVE A LITTLE DOG IN THE SHOW NAMED "QUEENIE"--SHE WAS RAJAH'S FRIEND--ONCE I--- WHIPPED HER BECAUSE SHE BIT ME--I-I--AM THE ONE WHO--WHO--

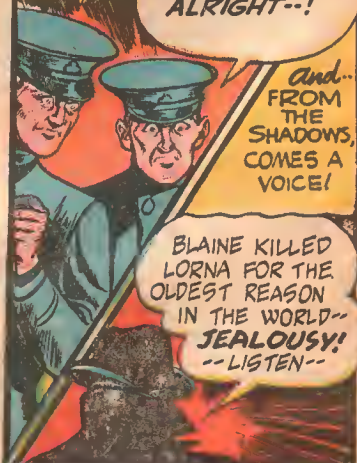


DEAD!

YEAH... HE MUST HAVE KILLED HER ALRIGHT--!

And... FROM THE SHADOWS, COMES A VOICE!

BLAINE KILLED LORNA FOR THE OLDEST REASON IN THE WORLD-- **JEALOUSY!** --LISTEN--



REALIZING THAT HE NEVER COULD HAVE HER, --HE RESOLVED TO DO AWAY WITH THEM BOTH-- FIRST, BY MURDERING HER--AND THEN BY THROWING SUSPICION ON GRIER-- REMEMBER WHEN HE PUT HIS HAND ON HER--?



-- SHOWMAN THAT HE WAS, HE DECIDED TO MAKE HER DEATH **SPECTACULAR!** A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN HIS RING, LOADED WITH A DRUG THAT IMPAIRS EYESIGHT--THAT DID IT-- THAT'S HOW SHE MISSED THE TANK-- BUT **RAJAH**, WITH HIS PRIMITIVE INSTINCT BROUGHT **JUSTICE**--AND

JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE!



THE END

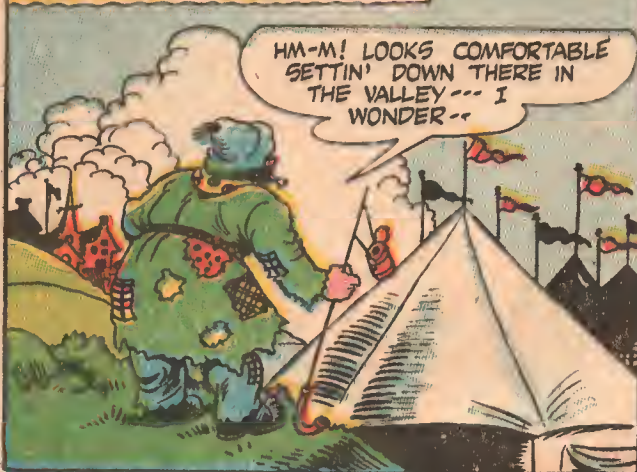
DUSTY DUGAN



DUSTY DUGAN, KNIGHT OF THE ROAD, AND MAN ABOUT HIGHWAYS, STROLLS ALONG AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD-- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A GNAWING FEELING IN HIS VITALS--



AS DUSTY ARRIVES AT THE CIRCUS, HE SENSES SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE OUTFIT.



HM-M! LOOKS COMFORTABLE SETTIN' DOWN THERE IN THE VALLEY --- I WONDER --

SURE-- I REMEMBER YOU-- YOU WERE WITH THE CIRCUS AT WICHITA --- DOIN' LIGHT JOBS-- WANT TO GO TO WORK?

I'M YOUR MAN PROVIDIN' THE TASKS ARE NO HEAVIER, BOSS! WHAT DO I DO?

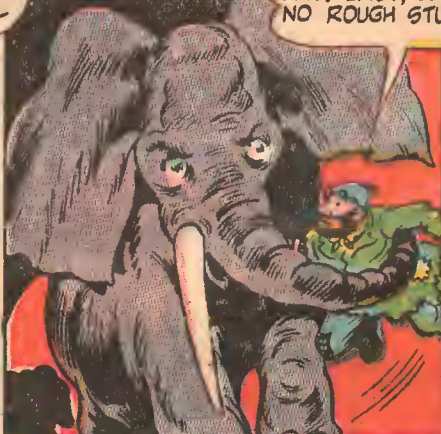


'YOU CAN CARRY WATER FOR THE ELEPHANTS!

ELLA! RE-MEMBER ME? WE BOTH WENT ON A TEAR ONCE IN PERTH AMBOY--REMEMBER?



YOU LANDED IN THE PAPERS --AND I LANDED IN THE KLINK! NOW! NOW! EASY, OLD GIRL-- NO ROUGH STUFF!



HEY!

COME AWAY FROM ELLA! SHE'S GONE BAD!!



--BUT THE BIG BRUTE GENTLY LOWERS DUSTY WITHOUT HARMING A HAIR ON HIS FACE! --MUCH TO THE KEEPER'S AMAZEMENT.

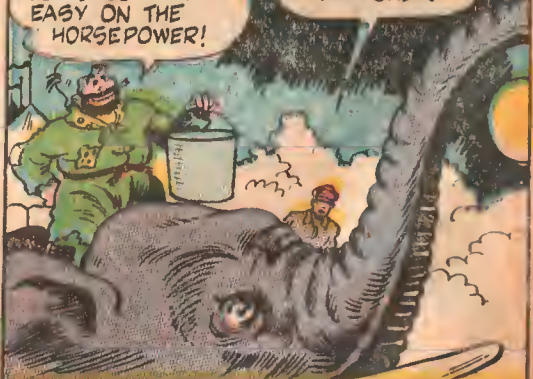
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT, PAL-- SHE AIN'T BAD-- JUST LONE-SOME-- LET HER LOOSE!

LOOSE? YOU'RE CRAZY!



ATTA GIRL, ELLA-- LET'S GO--AND EASY ON THE HORSEPOWER!

WELL, I'LL BE DAWGONED!



MEEK AS A LAMB NOW, BIG ELLA PROUDLY PROCEEDS TOWARD THE RIVER WITH HER NEW-FOUND FRIEND IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT---

WHILE THE BIG ELEPHANT STANDS PLACIDLY BY, DUSTY STARTS FILLING HIS PAILS-- WHEN THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY--



SOUNDS LIKE SOME CONVERSATION GOING ON THERE BEHIND THE TREES-- NO DOUBT A GROUP OF MY OLD FRATERNITY-- COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD!



I TELL YOU-- IT'S A CINCH-- CAN'T MISS!

THEIR COCKTAIL HOUR, NO DOUBT-- I COULD DO WITH A FEW "HORS DOOVERS"!



WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT--AND COLLECT HIS INSURANCE OF 10,000 DOLLARS--



BUT ITS TWO MEMBERS OF THE ACROBAT TROUPE--KNOWN AS THE "THREE AERIAL COMETS"-- PLANNING A DASTARDLY SCHEME WITH THEIR JUNIOR PARTNER--

HM-M! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME-- LET'S GO, ELLA!



WHAT WAS THAT. I HEARD A TWIG BREAK-- AN EAVES-DROPPER!! LET'S GET HIM!!

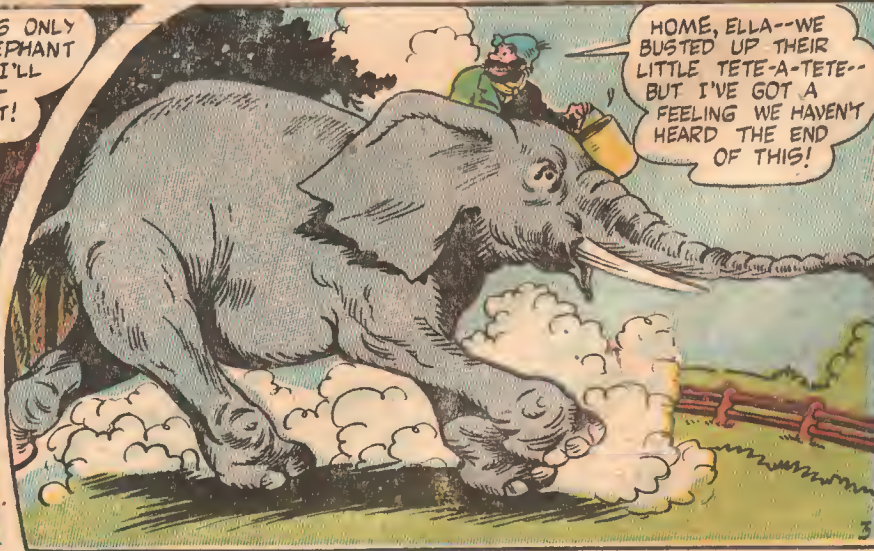


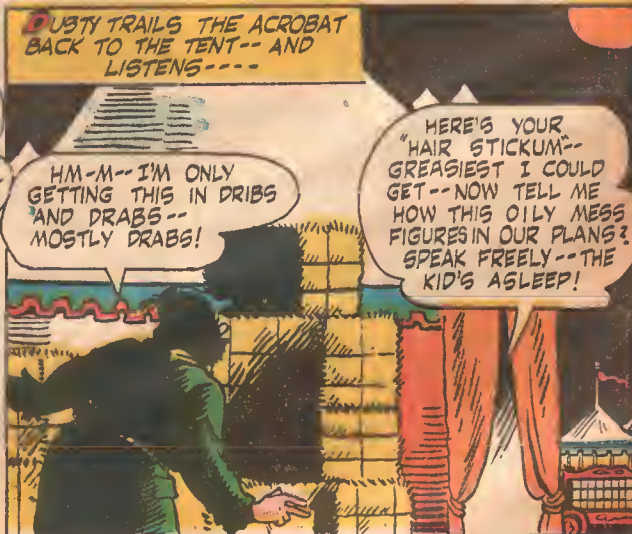
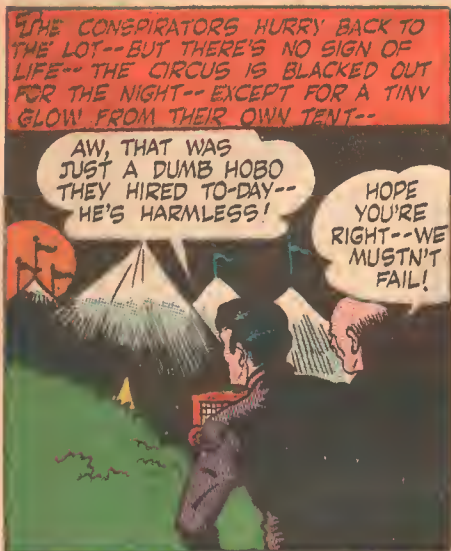
DON'T WORRY-- IT'S ONLY THAT HOBO, THE ELEPHANT TRAINER HIRED-- I'LL FIX HIS WAGON-- BACK ON THE LOT!

HE GOT AWAY!



HOME, ELLA--WE BUSTED UP THEIR LITTLE TETE-A-TETE-- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THIS!





THEY KNOCK THE STUNNED TRAMP
OUT WITH A BLOW FROM AN AUTOMATIC

THAT'LL TEACH
YOU TO LAY OFF
OTHER PEOPLE'S
AFFAIRS, STUPID!



WHAT'S UP,
ANYWAY-- I
THOUGHT I HEARD
A RUMPUS AND
A GROAN!

JUST A NIGHTMARE,
KID--- GET BACK TO BED--
WE HAVE A REHEARSAL
IN THE MORNING BEFORE
THE GRAND OPENING!

THEY'VE BEEN
ACTING FUNNY
EVER SINCE THE
MANAGEMENT
GAVE ME TOP
BILLING!

BUT THE JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE
ACT HAS HIS SUSPICIONS, TOO!



BOUND HAND AND FOOT, DUSTY
IS CAST INTO AN ABANDONED
CISTERN--

GOOD
RIDDANCE
!



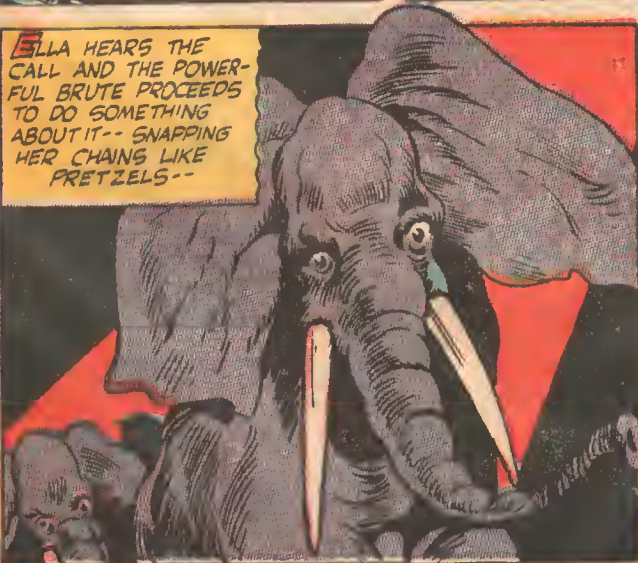
WELL, I GUESS
MY GOOSE IS
COOKED--IF IT
AIN'T OVERDONE!

AH
HO-O-O!!



WITH A MIGHTY
EFFORT DUSTY BREAKS
LOOSE FROM HIS BONDS--
AT THE SAME TIME GIVING
HIS OLD FAMILIAR ELEPHANT
CALL --

ELLA HEARS THE
CALL AND THE POWER-
FUL BRUTE PROCEEDS
TO DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT-- SNAPPING
HER CHAINS LIKE
PRETZELS--



-- THE FAITHFUL PACHYDERM
DASHES TO DUSTY'S RESCUE--
JUST AS DAWN BREAKS--



ELLA PROVIDES A VERY EFFICIENT LADDER --



A LITTLE SKIDDY -- BUT STILL AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD STYLE!

WE'LL BE JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE EARLY MORNING REHEARSAL OF THE "AERIAL COMETS" -- PLUS A TRAGEDY!



THE DIVE OF DEATH! AND THE GRAND FINALE OF THE AERIAL COMETS ACT --

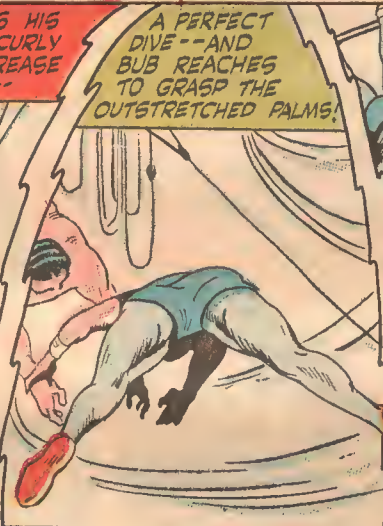


I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG!

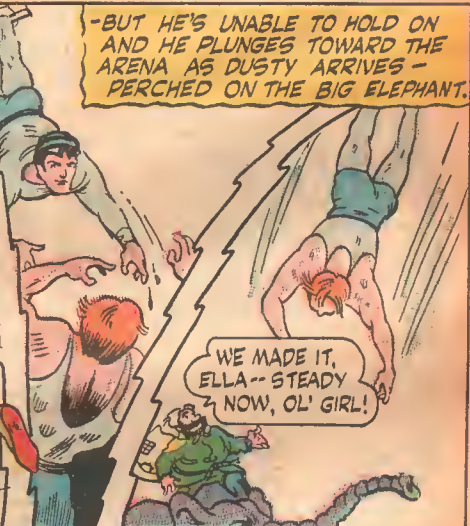
FURTIVELY, THE PARTNER RUBS HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS THICK CURLY HAIR -- SMEARING THE OILY GREASE WELL UP OVER HIS WRISTS --



A PERFECT DIVE -- AND BUB REACHES TO GRASP THE OUTSTRETCHED PALMS!



-- BUT HE'S UNABLE TO HOLD ON AND HE PLUNGES TOWARD THE ARENA AS DUSTY ARRIVES -- PERCHED ON THE BIG ELEPHANT.



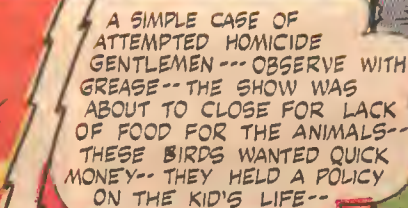
WE MADE IT, ELLA -- STEADY -- NOW, OL' GIRL!

GOT YA, BUB -- FUNNY THE DODGERS NEVER CAME AFTER ME!



MEANWHILE THE MANAGEMENT HAS NOTIFIED THE EMERGENCY SQUAD!

A SIMPLE CASE OF ATTEMPTED HOMICIDE GENTLEMEN --- OBSERVE WITH GREASE -- THE SHOW WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE FOR LACK OF FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS -- THESE BIRDS WANTED QUICK MONEY -- THEY HELD A POLICY ON THE KID'S LIFE --



MY ONLY REGRET WAS LEAVING ELLA -- I'M GOING TO MISS HER!

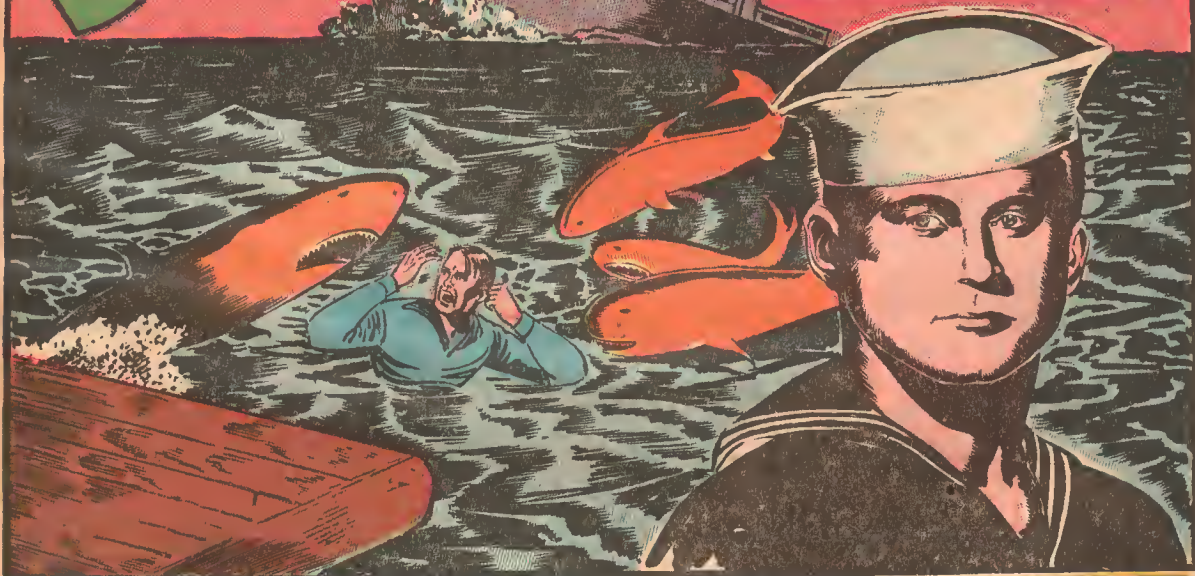
TO ESCAPE ANY HERO WORSHIP, DUSTY QUIETLY TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN --



Shark Bait

A TRUE STORY

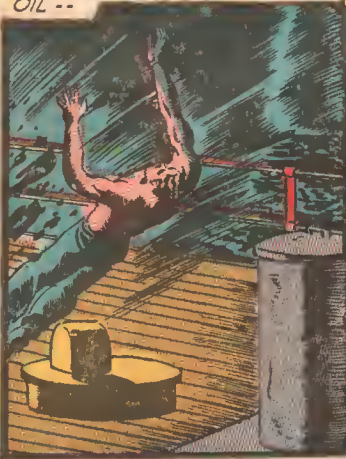
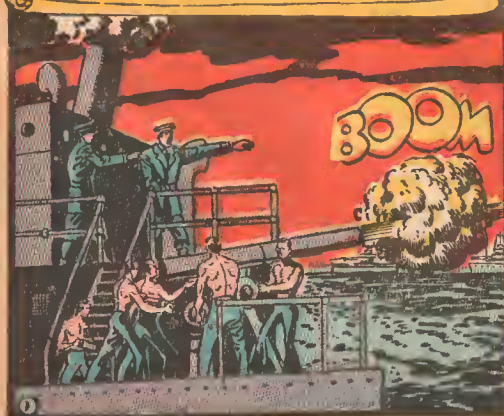
US. NAVY SIGNALMAN, FIRST CLASS, JOSEPH P. HARTNEY BELIEVES SHARKS ARE COWARDS, AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW... FOR HE'S STILL ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE, AFTER FIGHTING OFF A FEROCIOUS ATTACK, BY A SCHOOL OF THE MONSTERS, FOLLOWING THE SINKING OF HIS CRUISER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!



EARLY ON THE MORNING OF NOV 13 1942, HARTNEY, WHO HAILS FROM NEW BRITAIN, CONN., TOOK PART IN A FURIOUS CLOSE RANGE BATTLE ON THE U.S. CRUISER **JUNEAU**, WITH A HUGE JAP INVASION FLEET NEAR GUADALCANAL.

SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION OCCURS AND BLOWS HARTNEY THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS A BARREL OF FUEL OIL --

THEN, HARTNEY IS BLINDED BY A DRENCHING DELUGE OF STEAMING HOT FUEL OIL!



2 **AS THE BOAT STARTS TO SUBMERGE--
HARTNEY CATCHES HIS LEG ACCIDENTLY
ONTO A PIECE OF STEEL---**

I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY FROM HERE
...AND QUICK!



**BUT BEFORE HARTNEY CAN DIVE OVERBOARD, THE BIG
CRUISER GOES DOWN, DRAGGING JOE UNDER WATER--**



**THEN, A LUCKY UNDER SURFACE
EXPLOSION SENDS HARTNEY HURLING
A FEW FEET CLEAR OF THE SEA!**

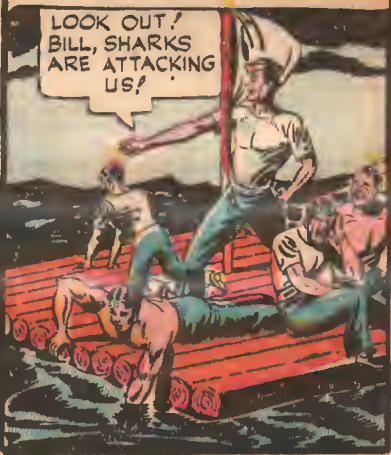


**LATER HARTNEY WAS PULLED
ABOARD A RAFT, BUT A COLD
DREARY NIGHT FOLLOWED, WITH
SEVERAL OF THE MEN DELIRIOUS!
THE NEXT MORNING, HOPING
AGAINST HOPE, THEY SEARCHED FOR
LAND.**



**AT NOON, JOE MAKES A
TERRIFYING DISCOVERY---**

LOOK OUT!
BILL, SHARKS
ARE ATTACKING
US!



DID HE GET
YOU, BILL?

YES, JOE!
BUT HE
ONLY TOOK
THE SKIN
OFF MY
HAND!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS....

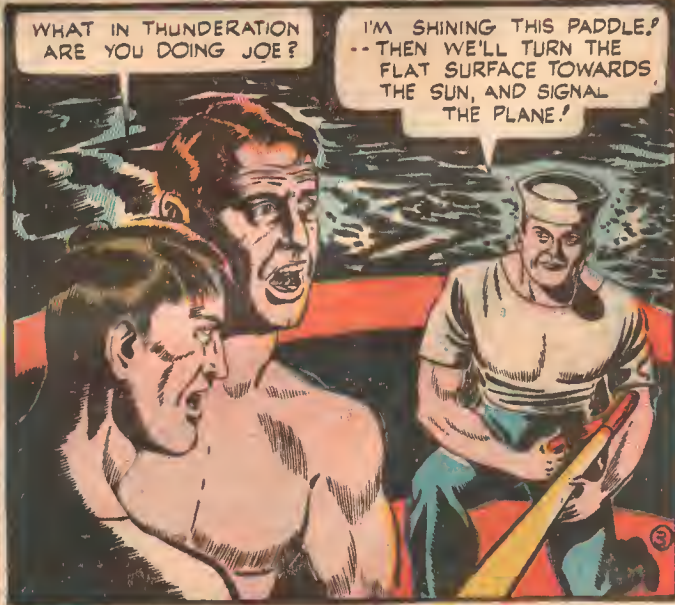
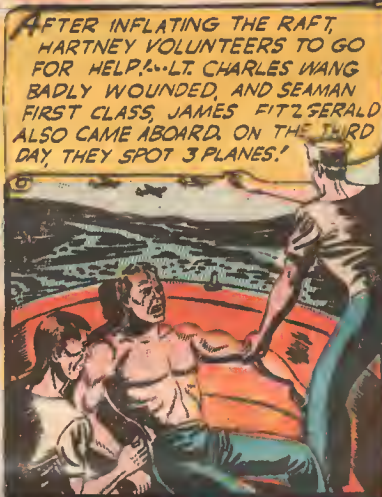
IT'S A NAVY PLANE,
AND THEY SEEM TO
BE DROPPING A RAFT!

I'LL
SWIM
OUT,
AND
GET
IT!





JOE HARDLY LANDS IN THE WATER-- BEFORE A SCHOOL OF SHARKS GANG UP ON HIM!



HE PBY PILOT DID SEE THEIR SIGNAL... BUT A SUDDEN SQUALL SWOOPED DOWN ON THE AREA, PREVENTING THE PLANE FROM LANDING ---



FOR NINE LONG, DISCOURAGING HOURS, JOE AND HIS COMRADES BATTLED THE RAGING SQUALL, BUT THEY WON!... FOR THE NEXT MORNING THEY REACHED LAND!



THE WEAK AMERICANS WERE FED AND SHELTERED BY FRIENDLY NATIVES, AND LATER WERE TAKEN TO A WHITE TRADERS ISLAND, NEARBY---



CAN YOU GET US BACK TO GUADALCANAL?



NOT A CHANCE, SON! THE JAPS WOULD SPOT YOU IN AN INSTANT!

A FEW DAYS LATER---

THAT'S A U.S. PATROL BOMBER, AND BROTHER, ---HE'S GONNA PICK US UP!



BUT HOW?

USING A SHEET OF BRIGHT METAL, JOE FLASHES SIGNALS TO THE BOMBER OVERHEAD---



SEVERAL MONTHS AFTERWARDS AT THE U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL IN ST ALBANS, L.I., HARTNEY RECEIVES THE COVETED LEGION OF MERIT MEDAL...



THE END ④



DIVIDE BY TWO



When Joe Farrell was a little kid, he was always bragging about his dad. "My pop," he would say, "can lick any one of you guys' pops a MILLION times, and think nothing of it!"

"Ya-a . . ." would sneer Billy Holden. "Just because he's a soldier, and kin carry a gun—that don't make him any braver than MY pop—he's a COPI!"

"A soldier's braver'n a cop!"

"No he ain't!"

"Yes he is!"

"He ain't!"

"He is!"

These, and similar arguments, Joe carried with him through all his grammar school years. The funny part was, that Tom Farrell, and George Holden, the fathers of the boys, were the best of friends, and often when Captain Farrell was home on leave, the two families would have a big get-together at either of their houses.

As time went by, Captain Farrell became Major Farrell, in the United States Air Corps, and had distinguished himself as a flying officer of note. Joe was anxiously awaiting the day when he would be privileged to wear his silver wings and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious dad.

And such a day did come. It was a proud Mrs. Farrell who saw her own husband pin the wings of the skymen on her beloved Joe's tunic. Joe was now LIEUTENANT Joseph Farrell, and almost immediately he adopted the serious air that was to go with his profession.

Billy Holden had risen, also. Mrs. Holden didn't mind another policeman in the family, and one fine day Patrolman William Holden became Lieutenant William Holden.

The first leave home from the air-base found the two young men in the same frame of mind as they were twenty years ago.

"So . . .?" asked Lieutenant Holden. "You still think that a soldier's braver than a cop?"

"I still do—most emphatically," answered

Lieutenant Farrell, with a good-natured laugh. "ANY day in the week!"

The two senior Farrells winked at each other, while Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Farrell just sat there and beamed.

Then on that fateful 7th day of December, in 1941 . . .

Bill Holden tried to enlist, but his superior officers advised him to wait. Officers were needed for the home-front, too, and a good police lieutenant like Bill Holden would be hard to replace.

Major and Lieutenant Farrell left immediately to report for active duty. Mrs. Farrell smiled bravely through her tears as she saw them go. A few weeks later, Major Farrell commanded a fighting squadron, in which his son was a combat officer.

In their first tussle with the Nips, a concentrated force of Zeros tried to cut in, and force the Major out of the sky. American flying Majors knew too much, and the Japs started to eliminate, with high-ranking officers as their first targets.

But, Lieutenant Farrell had other ideas about such goings on. In a flash, he set upon the Japs, like a one man hurricane, and mowed them down like a flock of geese.

And Lieutenant Bill Holden came in for his share of bravery, too.

An organized band of rubber-tire thieves tried to get away with a vanful of the precious commodity, but in a running gun-battle, Bill saved his father's life, by outshooting the entire mob, and rounding up the stolen booty.

On their first leave, the two Farrells got together with the Holdens at the latter's house.

"Well," asked the much decorated Lieutenant Farrell, "do you still think a soldier's braver than a cop?"

Lieutenant Holden grinned.

"Guess they're both about the same . . ." he answered.

And they both snook hands on that . . .

Tag, ---you're it!

Eddie Blaine yawned. It was half past eleven, and time to close up his father's filling station for the night. He knew his father wouldn't be back from Blainesville for at least another hour, because of the heavy duties imposed upon him, as chief of the air-raid warden sector in that thriving mid-west town. Besides, with gas rationing what it was, the prospect of any more gas sales that evening was pretty slight.

He was starting to lock up the shiny twin pumps, when he heard the car coming along the deserted road at a fast clip. There was a screeching of brakes, and the car, dark and ominous, swung up the driveway leading to the gas pumps.

Two men got out, and walked over to him rapidly. One was a little man with the face of a gargoyle, while the other one was tall and hulking, with a continual sneer.

They looked around the silent station a few minutes. Then the shorter one asked, "Are you alone, kid?"

Eddie nodded. Some instinctive urge told him that these two men were out for no good. Their shifty eyes and furtive movements put him on his guard right away. He cleared his throat, then asked in a voice he could hardly hear, "Did you want some gas, Mister?"

The little man looked around again before answering.

"We want more than gas, kid," he said, "what we need is a CAR! Who belongs to this jalopie?" He pointed to Sam Dexter's car, parked alongside of the station.

"Gosh!" answered Eddie. "That ain't our car. That's here for a repair job. We just fixed it this morning. Dad and I . . ."

The taller man walked over to the car, and examined it, with a series of grunts. "Ain't bad," he said. "It'll get us to Rushville—at least. We can grab another one there."

Billy stared up in horror at the man. "You—you mean you're going to STEAL Mr. Dexter's car . . .?"

The smaller man grinned evilly at the boy. "That's the idea, sonny," he answered. "You catch on fast. You ain't gonna cause any trouble, are you . . . or do you want to get your head knocked off . . .?"

Eddie gulped his dry breath, down a dry throat. These men weren't kidding. The business-like way that the little man kept his right hand in his pocket set up a whirl in the boy's brain that the man was a possessor of a gun—and probably wouldn't hesitate a minute in using it.

The taller one took a bottle out of his pocket. "Let's have a drink, Lou," he said to his diminutive companion. "This punk here, can fill up the wagon with gas, and we'll be on our

way. It's a shame we ain't got RATION STAMPS, eh, Lou . . .?"

Lou laughed. "Yeah . . ." he answered. "Wait'll the cops find out that we switched cars under their noses. They got a perfect description of the car we got away in after the stick-up. Come on, kid—get busy . . .!"

Under their prodding supervision, he transferred all their belongings from one car to the other. They smoked many cigarettes, and spoke in low tones.

Then, Eddie took the gas-pump hose, and approached the gas-tank of Sam Dexter's car. As his eye fell on the metal license tag, a wild idea came into his head. Quickly, he removed a pair of pliers from his pocket, and dropped on one knee in front of the metal plate.

Hurry it up, kid!" Lou's voice rose from a growl to a snarling command.

Eddie silently walked over to the other car, and stood by the gas tank, fumbling at something.

"Come on," the big fellow said, "We ain't got all night. Let's get goin'."

The boy walked back to the Dexter car, and very slowly put the cap back on the gas tank. Lou grunted, and checked the gas-gauge.

"Full!" he muttered. "If I thought you'd pull some stunt like lettin' the gas out, I'd break you in two!"

They both climbed into the car.

"So long, kid!" Lou called out breezily. "Thanks for the wagon!"

Eddie watched silently, as the car roared down the state highway, then he turned, and ran into the station—and to the telephone.

A half-hour later, Lou turned to his companion, and said, "Hey—we're being followed! There's two cops behind us on motorcycles!"

The big man shrugged. "I'll slow down," he said. "We ain't got nuthin' to worry about. This ain't the car we did the job in. As far as I'm concerned, my name is Sam Dexter!"

"Do you suppose the kid—" began Lou.

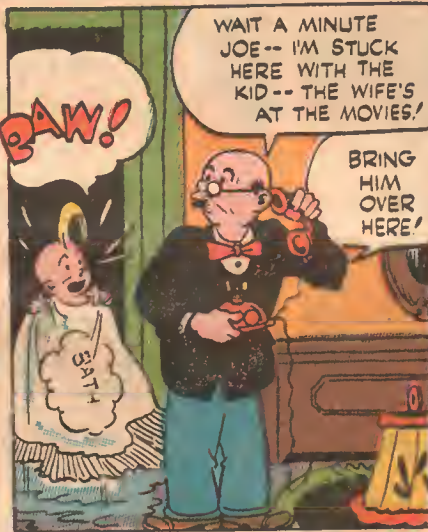
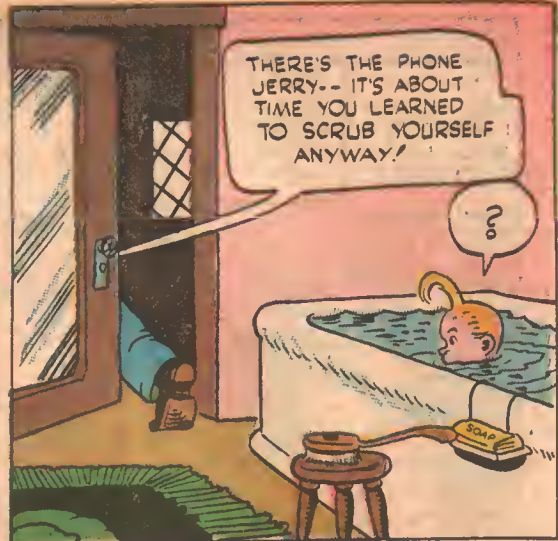
"Naw!" exploded the other. "Even if he did tip 'em off, we had a big start. It's probably a routine checkup. I'm slowin' up!"

Five minutes later, Lou and his hulking friend were looking into the muzzles of two revolvers held in the very steady hands of two highway patrolmen.

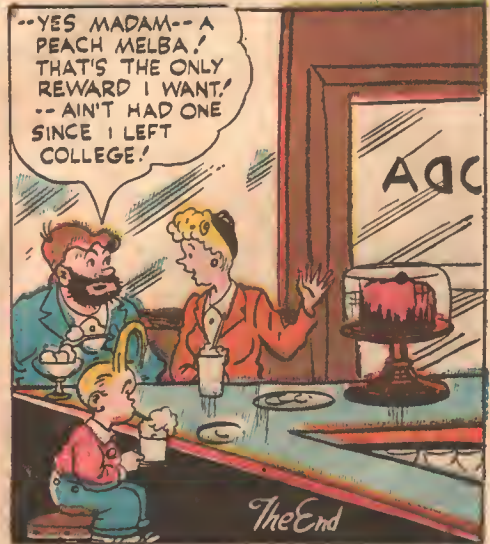
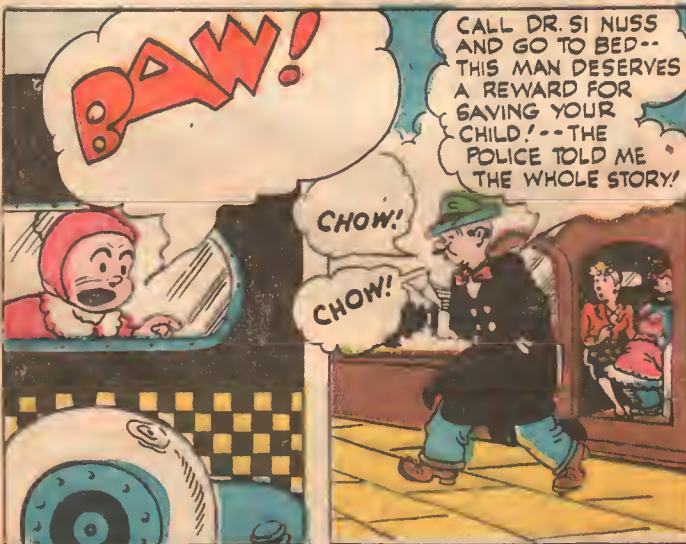
"Look at our licenses," began the big one. "My name is Sam—"

"The papers are in order," said the policeman, "but your number-plate isn't. You're carrying the tag of a car that was used in a hold-up today in River Falls."

Lou cursed softly. Now he knew why young Eddie Blaine took so long to put the gas in the car. Switching number-plates was easy to Eddie. He was an expert at that.







IN THE THROBBING
HEART OF NEW YORK
CITY, A GREAT ARTIST
PAINTS HIS WAY INTO
THE GALLERIES OF
**MURDER AND SUDDEN
DEATH!** OUR STORY
REVEALS EXCITEMENT
BY THE BRUSHFUL, AS
OUR COLORFUL
CHARACTER-- **NOSEY**
IS THRUST INTO THE
WORLD OF PALETTE
AND PAINTS!

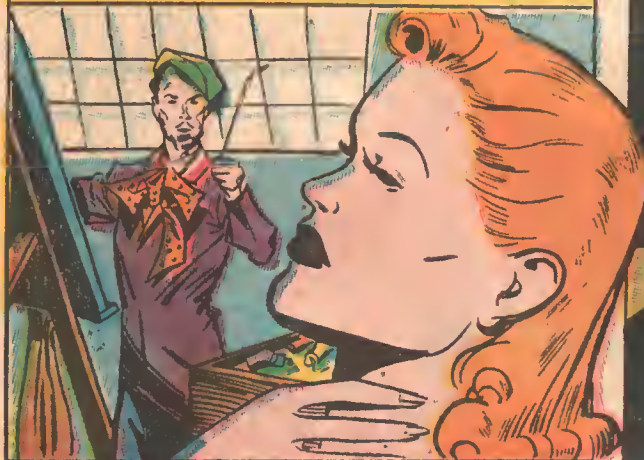
Sudden DEATH



The ASTORF-WALDORIA HOTEL HAS COMM-
MISSIONED AN UP AND COMING YOUNG
ARTIST TO PAINT THE PORTRAITS OF THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE SMART
SET!

At THE 34 PRECINCT
STATION, DETECTIVE
TERRY MOORE TAKES
NOTICE OF THE NEW
ARTIST!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO
SEE THAT NEW
RAPHAL VAN RUBENS
EXHIBITION AT THE
GISELLE GALLERIES!



HELLO, GEORGIA! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VAN RUBENS MASTERPIECES... COME ALONG!

SURE, TERRY!!



THEY JOIN A GROUP OF PEOPLE IN FRONT OF A LARGE PAINTING!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME THE PAPERS BLARE SENSATIONAL HEADLINES!!

A FOURTH AND A FIFTH PORTRAIT IS FINISHED AND THE MODELS DIE AT THE ARTIST'S STUDIO!

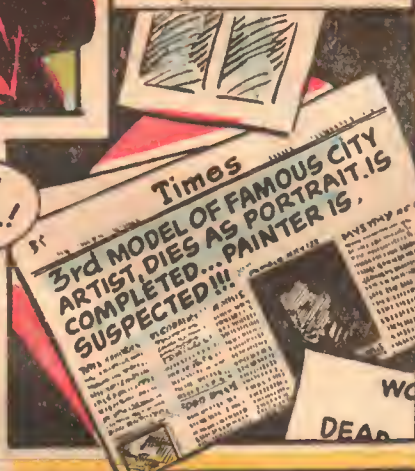
MARVELOUS WORK, EH, GEORGIA?

IT'S EXQUISITE, TERRY!

CHEE! SWELL!



Times
3rd MODEL OF FAMOUS CITY ARTIST, DIES AS PORTRAIT IS COMPLETED... PAINTER IS SUSPECTED!!!



TERRY MOORE BECOMES INTERESTED!...

LET'S GO PAY A VISIT TO MR. VAN RUBENS!



2 HALF HOUR LATER--- IN GREENWICH VILLAGE!

MR. VAN RUBENS, WE ARE FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

WHY, ER... COME IN!

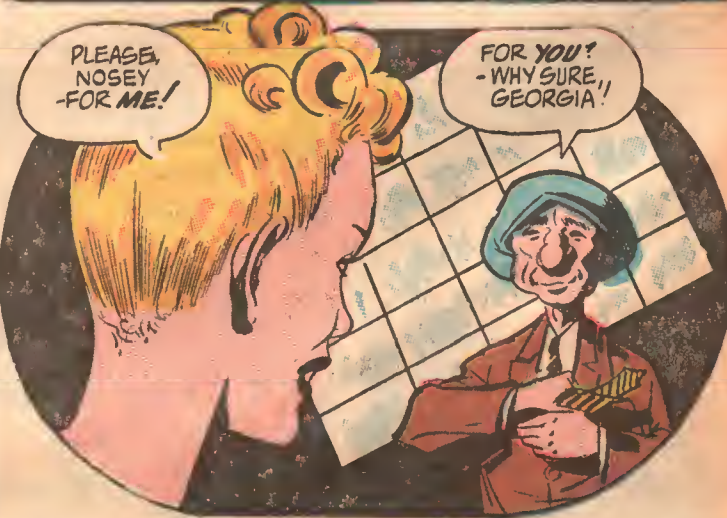
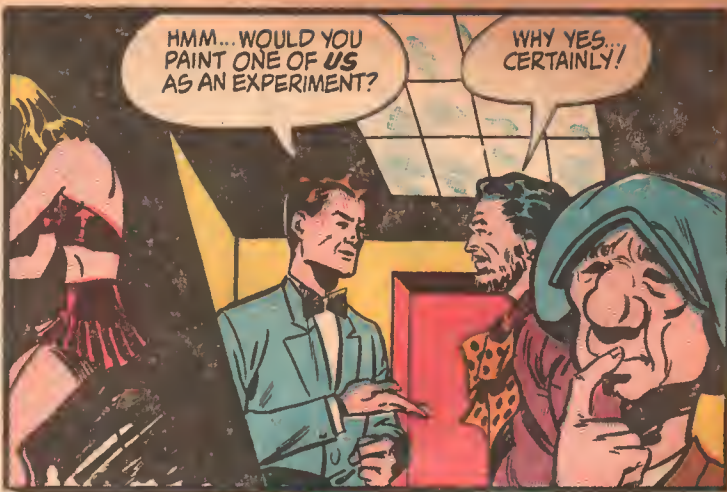


As WORK ON THE COMMISSION IS SUSPENDED THE ARTIST CALLS FOR AN INVESTIGATION!

BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU!...



**TERRY TALKS TO THE ARTIST...AND
A FEW MINUTES LATER!**



**TAKING UP HIS BRUSH, AND WITH
MASSIVE STROKES, THE ARTIST
FINISHES THE PORTRAIT IN
THREE SHORT HOURS!**



**As THE PAINTING IS FINISHED
OFF.. NOSEY COLLAPSES!!**



**NOSEY! SPEAK TO
ME!! IF YOU'RE HURT,
SOMEBODY WILL PAY!**





WELL, MR. VAN RUBENS, WE HAVE TO GO! BUT NOW WE'RE CONVINCED THAT YOU ARE **INNOCENT!**



BUT WHEN THEY RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS, THEY FIND A PHONE CALL AWAITING THEM!

WHAT'S UP, BOSS



SOMEONE SAID: "COME BACK TO THE STUDIO"—AND HUNG UP THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, NOSEY!"



ON RETURNING TO THE STUDIO, THEY FIND VAN RUBENS DEAD!



A NOTE! "DEAR TERRY, I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE I'M A KILLER, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT EVERYONE I'VE PAINTED HAS DIED! THE SHOCK OF SEEING THEIR FACES SO TRULY DEPICTED WAS THE BLOW THAT DID IT! IN NOSEY'S CASE, HE FAINTED, WHICH RELIEVED THE SHOCK! MISS MCKEE'S PORTRAIT SMEARED, DESTROYING ITS ACCURACY! -THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME!..

Raphael Van Rubens



SAY, TERRY, THIS FINGERPRINT IS **UNDER** THE WRITING!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN IT AFTER HE KILLED HIMSELF!



WHATS THAT?

I HOPE IT'S THE KILLER RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!



HEY, TERRY! LET'S DUCK BEHIND ONE OF THOSE FRAMES! -NOBODY CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REAL PEOPLE AND HIS PICTURE!

SWELL IDEA, NOSEY!



And SURE ENOUGH...



WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE TWO PAINTINGS ARE THE SAME! -ONE BLINKED!... IT ISN'T A PAINTING... IT'S A MAN!



WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW!... NO, HE DUCKED!



NO MORE MURDERS FOR YOU, RAT!

AAAGH!



YES, I MURDERED VAN RUBENS AND THE OTHERS TOO! I HID BEHIND A FRAME AS YOU DID, AND KILLED THEM WITH A SMALL BLOW-GUN! I HATED HIM! HE SPOILED ALL MY CHANCES OF GETTING THIS COMMISSION BY SPREADING REPORTS THAT I WAS A DOPE FIEND... HE DESERVED TO DIE!



NEXT DAY ON TIMES SQUARE...

HE GOES ON TRIAL NEXT WEEK! -SAID HE'D PLEAD GUILTY!

HEY!



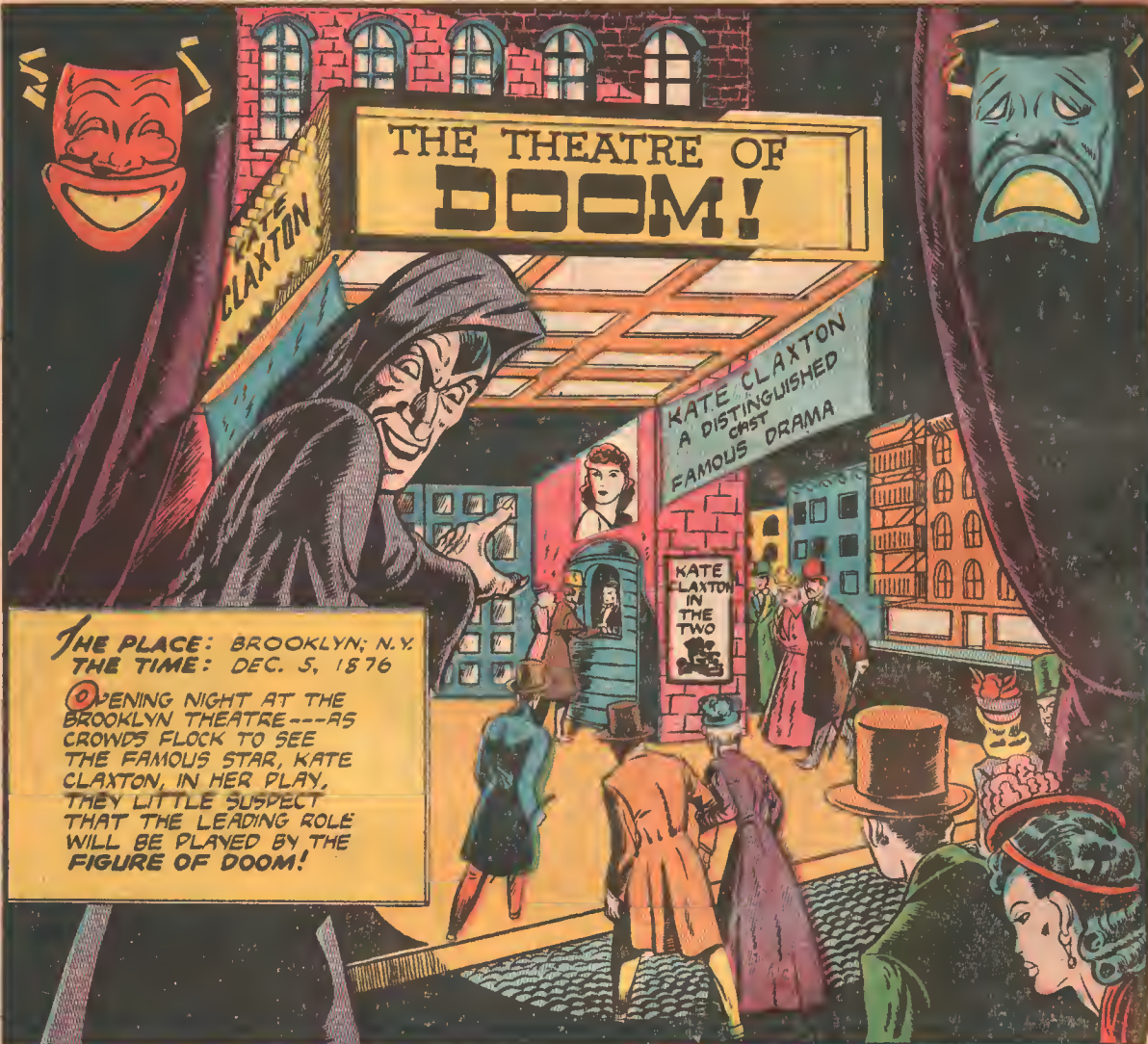
GANGWAY! A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER! NO MORE PICTURES FOR ME!

HA!
HA!
HA!

HUH?



The End



THE PLACE: BROOKLYN; N.Y.
THE TIME: DEC. 5, 1876

OPENING NIGHT AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE---AS CROWDS FLOCK TO SEE THE FAMOUS STAR, KATE CLAXTON, IN HER PLAY, THEY LITTLE SUSPECT THAT THE LEADING ROLE WILL BE PLAYED BY THE FIGURE OF DOOM!

BACKSTAGE, IN THE STAR'S DRESSING ROOM, JUST BEFORE THE PLAY STARTS, MAUDE HARRISON STEPS IN TO VISIT KATE CLAXTON!!

GOOD LUCK, KATE! SAY--WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU'RE NOT SICK?

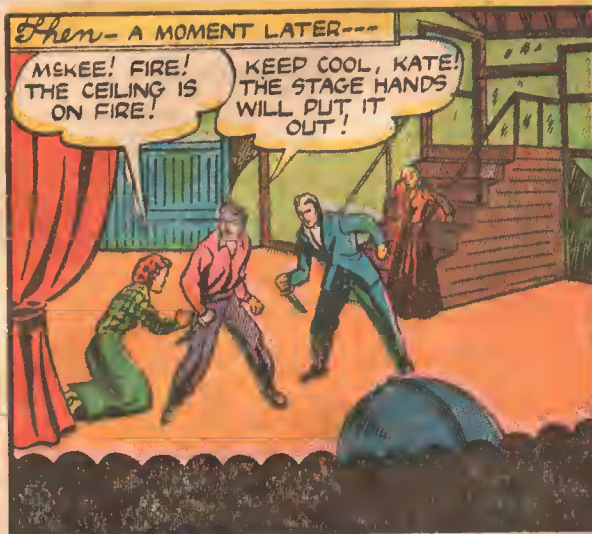
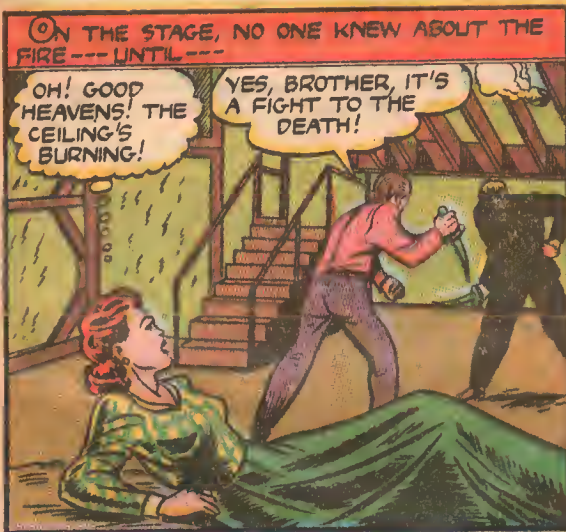
NO---! BUT I FEEL STRANGE, MAUDE! AS IF SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

DON'T BE SILLY, KATE! FORGET THAT CRAZY FORTUNE-TELLER!

I CAN'T! SHE SAID TO ME---"BEWARE! THE HAND OF FATE POINTS AT YOU!"

OVERTURE! OVERTURE!

KATE CLAXTON'S FEARS SEEMED UNFOUNDED---ALL WENT WELL UNTIL ACT 5--AND THEN--**FIRE!**



WHEN KATE CLAXTON SPOKE TO THE AUDIENCE---AND HER QUIET WORDS HELD BACK THE PANIC!

WAIT! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
SEE! WE'RE BETWEEN YOU
AND THE FIRE! SIT STILL!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HOW?



BUT THE FLAMES SPREAD AND FEAR STRIKES THE AUDIENCE---

LET THOSE IN THE BACK GO
FIRST! THEN THE WAY WILL
BE CLEAR FOR THE
REST!

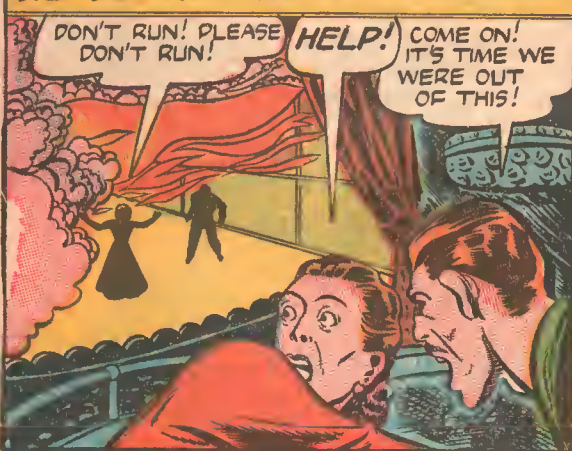


SUDDENLY, WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE WHOLE BACK WALL OF SCENERY BECAME A SOLID SHEET OF FLAME---

DON'T RUN! PLEASE
DON'T RUN!

HELP!

COME ON!
IT'S TIME WE
WERE OUT
OF THIS!



THAT STARTED IT! PANIC STRIKEN, MAD WITH FEAR, THEY RUSHED FOR THE DOOR!

LET US
OUT!

HELP!
HELP!

HURRY!



KATE!
KATE!
SAVE YOURSELVES!
I CAN'T GO
YET!



I KNEW IT! IT'S THE
HAND OF FATE POINT-
ING TO ME!



OH, LORD!
HELP ME
STOP
THEM!

GO SLOWLY!
YOU'LL ALL
GET OUT!



THEN--A FLASH AND A ROAR! THE BLAST OF FLAME REACHED OUT ALMOST TO THE BALCONY.



AAAAA!

HELP!
HELP!

WE'LL
BURN
ALIVE!

BOOM!

THE
LAST
TO
LEAVE--

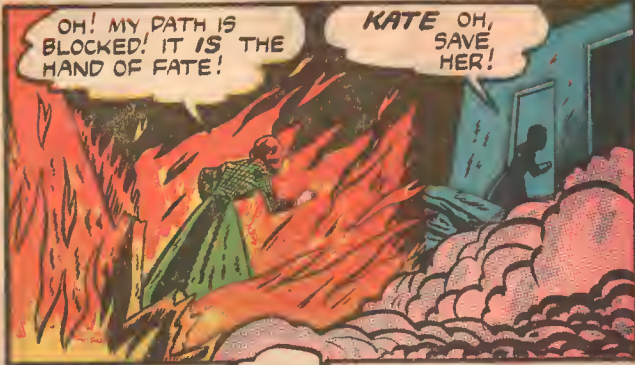
TAKE YOUR
TIME! YOU'LL--

I CAN'T STAY
ANY LONGER!



OH! MY PATH IS
BLOCKED! IT IS THE
HAND OF FATE!

KATE OH,
SAVE
HER!



NEXT MINUTE, AN EXPLOSION---AND THE
FIRE ROARED TOWARD ITS VICTIMS!



BOOM!

STAMPEDE!
PANIC!

HELP!

LEMME
OUT!



THE ONLY EXIT---

GET OUTTA
MY WAY!

HELP!
HELP!



AND THEN, RIPPED FROM ITS MOORINGS BY ITS
ENORMOUS WEIGHT, THE STAIR LANDING
CRASHED DOWN!

AI-EEH!

SAVE
US!!



BUT OFF FROM THE STAGE KATE HAS DASHED TO THE CELLAR!

DROP THOSE THINGS, MAUDE! COME QUICKLY, OR WE'LL BOTH DIE!



THERE! IT'S OPEN! THIS TUNNEL LEADS OUT FRONT-- UNDER THE AUDITORIUM!

I NEVER KNEW SUCH A THING EXISTED!



ON THE PASSAGE---

MAUDE, I JUST THOUGHT--WHAT IF THE BOX OFFICE TRAPPED DOOR IS LOCKED! IT'S A SPRING LOCK!

THEN WE'LL BE TRAPPED BENEATH THIS TERRIBLE FIRE!



OH--DEAR GOD! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED!



NOW THEY MUST GET TO THE STREET-- TO SAFETY! BUT AGAINST THAT MAD CROWD IN THE LOBBY, IT SEEMED THEY'D NEVER BURST OPEN THE DOOR!

OH, KATE! I JUST CAN'T! I WON'T MOVE!

PUSH! WE MUST OPEN THE DOOR OR WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE IN HERE!



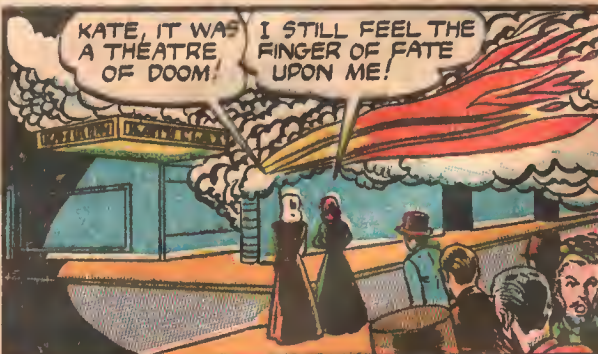
MAUDE, LOOK! THE STAIRCASE GAVE WAY AND CRASHED THROUGH THE LOBBY FLOOR-- INTO THE CELLAR!

COME ON! HERE'S THE OUTSIDE DOOR!



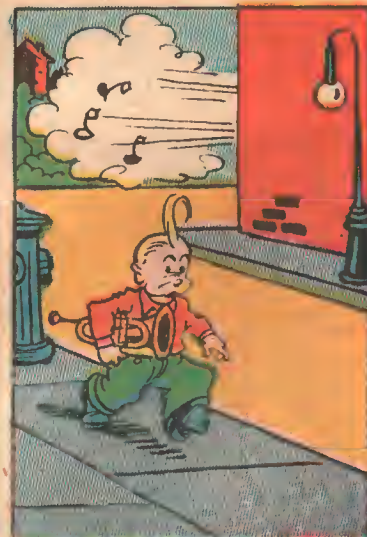
KATE, IT WAS A THEATRE OF DOOM!

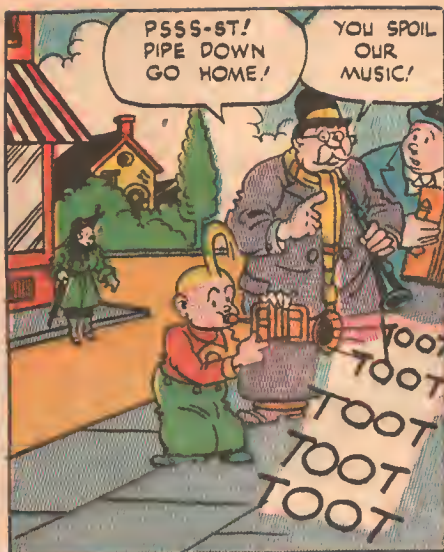
I STILL FEEL THE FINGER OF FATE UPON ME!



AFTER THAT PEOPLE SAID, "KATE CLAXTON'S UNLUCKY"! FIRE'S FOLLOWED HER EVERYWHERE! THE SHOW BECAME KNOWN AS A "HOODOO"---

WAS IT THE HAND OF FATE? ANOTHER TRUE PERSONAL ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POWER COMICS!!





PSSS-ST!
PIPE DOWN
GO HOME!

YOU SPOIL
OUR
MUSIC!



YOU OUGHT TO BE
ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
THAT CHILD IS UNDER
AGE! I'LL NOTIFY
THE POLICE!



BEAT IT SCHMALTZ
VE GOT NO
LICENSE!



POOR LIL' FELLER---
THE SCOUNDRELS
HAVE ABANDONED
YOU-- WE'LL TURN
YOU IN!



IT'S A
PITY! I
FOUND HIM
WITH SOME
MUSICIANS!

WHY, THAT'S
THE HOPPER'S
CHILD--! THEY
MUST HAVE
HAD REVERSES!

WE
NEVER
KNEW!



THERE HE GOES
AGAIN! THE
FAMILY MUST
BE DESPERATE!



HAVE YOU HEARD THE
LATEST? THE HOPPERS
ARE UP AGAINST IT!

NO!
AND TOO
PROUD TO
ASK HELP!
WE MUST
DO SOME-
THING!



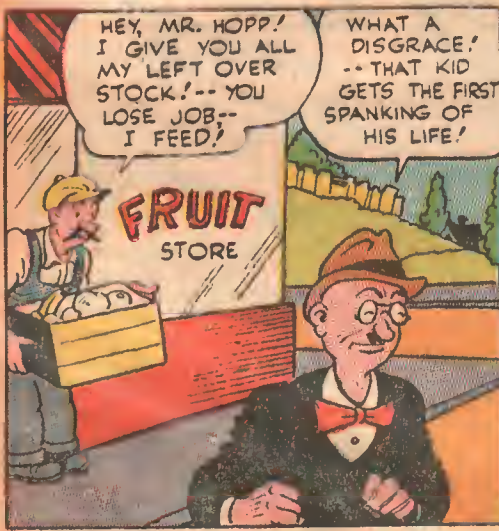
GOOD EVENING
MR. HOPPER!
WE'VE COME TO
HELP IN OUR OWN
SMALL WAY!
PLEASE ACCEPT!

SAY!
WHAT
IS
THIS?



NOW, NOW, MISTER HOPPER--
DON'T LET YOUR PRIDE GET
THE BETTER OF YOU!--
WE'VE GATHERED UP A
FEW THINGS IN A HURRY
TO TIDE YOU OVER--

PU-LEEZE--
EXPLAIN!



RETRIBUTION



SO MAN PAYS FOR
WHAT HE TAKES FROM
THE SEA-- SOUNDS LIKE
A SEA STORY COMING
UP, OLD TIMER--

PERHAPS--
FACT IS--I'M
LUCKY EVEN TO BE
HERE--

LET YOUR
FANCY WANDER TO
A WATER FRONT BAR
IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,
AS TOM GREGGSON LISTENS
TO A TALE TOLD TO HIM BY
A MAN WHO INTRODUCED HIM-
SELF AS JIM ASHFORD-- THEN,
ASK YOURSELF-- WAS THIS THE
REAL RETRIBUTION--? OR WAS IT THE
MYSTERIOUS SEA HAVING A LONG
LAUGH AT A HUMAN BEING WHO WANTED
TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM ITS
MURKY DEPTHS--?

OLD ASHFORD THEN TOLD HIM OF HIS QUEST FOR PEARLS IN THE ISLANDS, AND THE DANGERS HE ENCOUNTERED--

I HAD HEARD OF THE RICH PEARL BEDS IN THE TUAMOTO GROUP-- I TOOK THREE MONTH'S SUPPLIES ABOARD MY BOAT, AND WENT THERE!

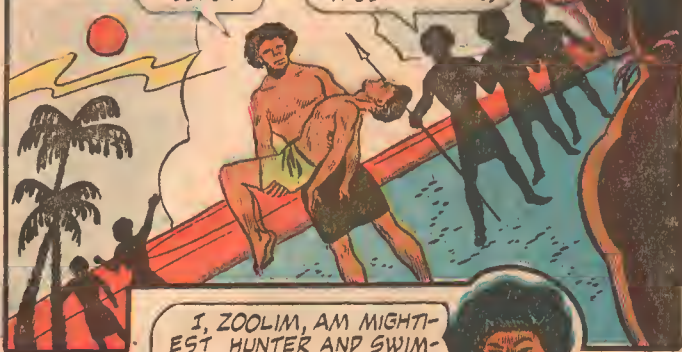
I'VE HEARD THE NATIVES THERE ARE STILL A BUNCH OF UNCIVILIZED CANNIBALS!



"THAT'S TRUE-- TEN YEARS AGO A NATIVE TABOO WAS PUT ON THE WATERS SURROUNDING THE ISLE OF MAIKA IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT LONG AGO--"

OH GREAT CHIEF... MY SON HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE DEMON THAT DWELLS IN THE PEARL BEDS!

THE PLACE IS TABOO-- I FORBID ANYONE TO GO INTO THOSE WATERS!



I, ZOOLIM, AM MIGHTIEST HUNTER AND SWIMMER IN ISLANDS-- TAKE ME TO YOUR DEMON AND PEARL BEDS--

"ZOOLIM A MIGHTY CHIEF OF A NEAR-BY ISLAND--"

WELCOME! ZOOLIM, WE WILL TAKE YOU TO OUR CHIEF!

THAT WILL WAIT-- I COME FOR ANOTHER REASON!



"MANY YEARS PASSED AND ANOTHER CAME TO SEEK THE TREASURES OF THOSE EVIL WATERS..."



"WHILE SEEKING THE DEMON, ZOOLIM WAS CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF A GIANT CLAM--"



"AND THE NEXT MORNING WE FOUND HIM ON THE BEACH NEARBY...."



"WE TOOK HIM TO OUR BOAT, HOPING TO SAVE HIS LIFE..."

CAREFUL, BUCK-- HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!

YEAH-- WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM THERE! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--?



"ZOOMIM'S LEG WAS BADLY CRUSHED-- WE PREPARED TO AMPUTATE--"



"THE LOSS OF HIS LEG AT FIRST WAS DESPAIRING-- BUT HE WAS GRATEFUL TO US."

YOU SAVE MY LIFE-- I SHOW YOU HOW TO GET MANY PEARLS FROM WATER OF DEVIL CLAM--



"A FEW DAYS LATER WE HAD DECIDED THAT ZOOMIM COULD BE OF USE TO US--"

SAY BUCK, IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, HE'S JUST THE ONE WE NEED TO TAKE US TO THE PEARLS!

YEAH-- AND MAYBE DIVE FOR THEM TOO-- IF THAT WOODEN LEG WE MADE, DON'T KEEP HIM AFLOAT--

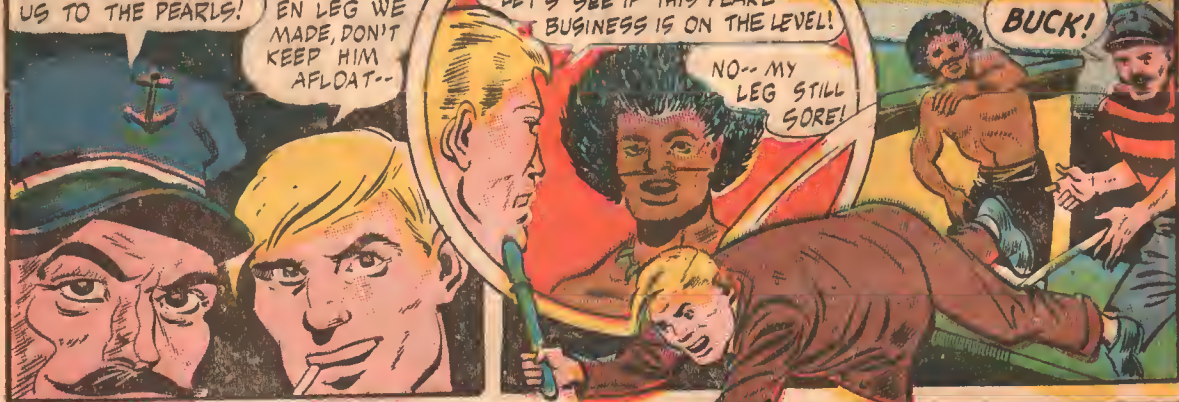
"THEN WE REACHED THE SPOT WHERE A FORTUNE WAS BUT A FEW FEET BENEATH OUR BOAT-- OUR NERVES WERE ON EDGE--"

WELL-- ZOOMIM-- GO ON OVER AND BRING UP A FEW OYSTER SHELLS LET'S SEE IF THIS PEARL BUSINESS IS ON THE LEVEL!

--BUCK WAS INFURIATED AT ZOOMIM'S REFUSAL-- IN A MOMENT OF ANGER HE LASHED OUT AT THE NATIVE, BUT MISSED

BUCK!

NO-- MY LEG STILL SORE!

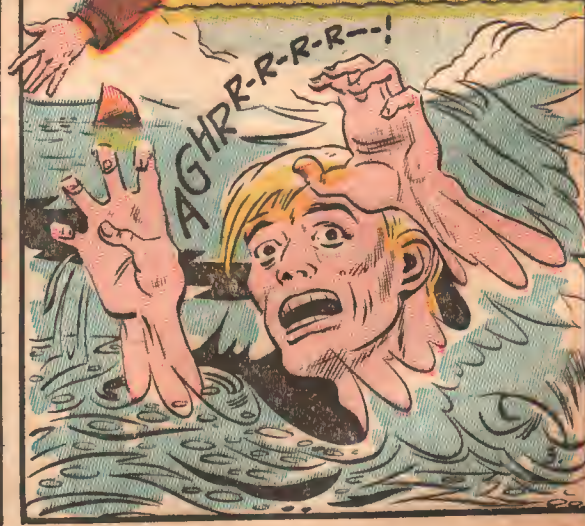


HELP! JIM-- THIS WATER IS ALIVE WITH SHARKS!!

CATCH THIS LINE, BUCK! HOLD ON, TIGHT!



"BUT THE SHARKS WERE FASTER--"





I REALIZED THAT, WITH BUCK GONE, THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO HELP ME GET THE PEARLS WAS ZOOLIM-- SO I MADE A BARGAIN--

A BARGAIN?



"YES.... I STILL HAD MY DIVING EQUIPMENT...IF I COULD ONLY PUT IT TO USE-- I TOLD ZOOLIM, WITH MY BOAT, HE COULD BE A GREAT CHIEF OF MANY ISLANDS...."

LOOK, ZOOLIM... I NEED YOUR HELP-- IF YOU WILL HELP ME GET THOSE PEARLS, I WILL GIVE THIS BOAT TO YOU!

WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO?



"I ATTEMPTED TO EXPLAIN THE DIVING GEAR TO ZOOLIM--"

-- THIS HELMET YOU WEAR ON YOUR HEAD... YOU CAN STAY UNDER WATER MANY HOURS-- I PUMP THE AIR DOWN TO YOU WITH THIS PUMP--

WAIT! YOU SHOW ME HOW TO WORK PUMP-- YOU MAKE DIVE WITH WATER HAT--

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU TRUSTED YOUR LIFE IN THE HANDS OF THIS SAVAGE?

I HAD TO!! AFTER ALL, ZOOLIM WAS A SMART SAVAGE-- BESIDES THAT-- I TRUSTED HIM!



"AFTER I HAD THOROUGHLY COACHED HIM IN THE OPERATION OF THE DIVING EQUIPMENT, I WAS READY TO GO OVER FOR THE FIRST TIME."

WELL, ZOOLIM, WE'LL SOON SEE IF WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THE PEARLS IS TRUE --

REMEMBER-- BE CAREFUL OF GIANT CLAM NEAR CORAL REEF--



"I CAME UP LATER-- AND FOR AN HOUR'S WORK, I HAD A FORTUNE IN MY HANDS --"

THEY'RE -- THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! WITH A FEW MORE LIKE THIS I COULD-- ZOOLIM! HAVE THINGS READY TO DIVE AGAIN IN THE MORNING...!

STILL MUCH DANGER! BETTER WE GO NOW!

"BUT, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY I DROVE AGAIN, IGNORING ZOOMIM'S WARNING--"

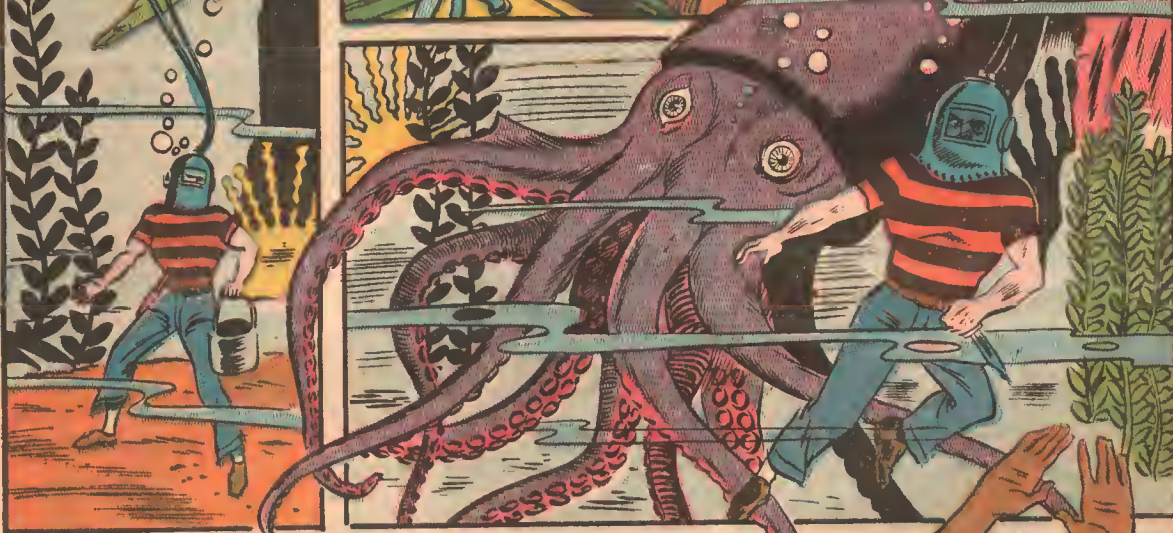


THE WATER TURNS
BLACK!
IT IS THE **DEMON!**

WHEN--



AND THERE IT WAS-- A **HIDEOUS**
TERRIFYING DEMON...A SQUID!!



AND SUDDENLY... ZOOMIM WAS DOWN
THERE, HELPING ME--



"SOMEHOW-- I SHOT TO
THE SURFACE, FREE OF
THE DIVING HELMET--"

I'M AFRAID POOR
ZOOMIM IS DONE FOR!



BUT, AT THE SAME INSTANT
HE CAME UP, TOO--!

"I QUICKLY GOT ZOOLIM ABOARD,
AND DECIDED TO GET AWAY FROM
THERE AT ONCE --"

ZOOLIM, IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR YOU, I'D
BE DEAD NOW--

YOU
SAVE MY
LIFE ONCE--
WE EVEN
NOW--



YOU GOT PEARLS
NOW, ASHFORD--WHEN
YOU GIVE ME BOAT?
I WANT TO RETURN TO
MY VILLAGE--"

SOON AS WE REACH
SYDNEY, ZOOLIM--
WAIT-- WHAT'S
THAT??"



"I TURNED AND
SAW SOMETHING
THAT STRUCK TERR--
OR INTO MY HEART--"

TYPHOON!
LASH YOURSELF
TO MAST-- I
KEEP WHEEL!



"I DID AS ZOOLIM DIRECTED-- LASHED MYSELF TO
THE MAST OF THE SHIP-- I HAD THE PEARLS IN
AN OILSKIN POUCH AROUND MY NECK--"



"BUT
THE SEA CLAIMED
ZOOLIM-- HE WAS WASHED
OVERBOARD! THREE DAYS
LATER I WAS PICKED UP BY A
FIGHTING BOAT AND BROUGHT BACK
TO SYDNEY--"



I SUPPOSE THE PEARLS
BROUGHT YOU A TIDY
SUM HERE IN SYDNEY?

NO! I STILL
HAVE THEM--
WOULD YOU CARE
TO SEE THEM?



JUST THEN--
DO YOU KNOW
THOSE FELLOWS
BEHIND YOU?

OH! THERE YOU ARE
ASHFORD-- I'VE BEEN
LOOKING ALL OVER
FOR YOU!



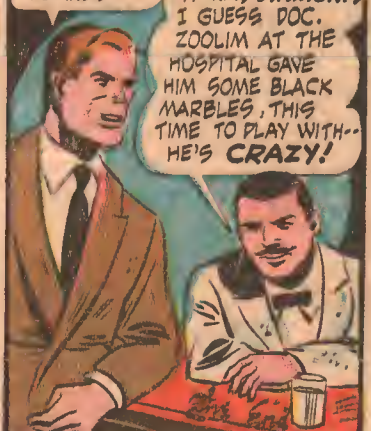
THERE--THERE NOW-- YOU
CAN SHOW THE GENTLEMAN
YOUR PEARLS SOME OTHER
TIME

AW--YOU NEVER
LET ME HAVE ANY
FUN!



SAY! BARTENDER,
WHO WAS THAT
GUY? HAS HE
REALLY GOT
PEARLS--

PEARLS? SAY,
THAT'S GOOD!
LAST TIME
HE WAS HERE,
IT WAS **DIAMONDS**,
I GUESS DOC.
ZOOLIM AT THE
HOSPITAL GAVE
HIM SOME BLACK
MARBLES, THIS
TIME TO PLAY WITH--
HE'S CRAZY!



The Fable Of Daedalus & Icarus

IMPRISONED IN A TOWER, DAEDALUS, AN ARTISAN OF ANTIQUITY, CONTRIVED TO ESCAPE WITH HIS SON, ICARUS, BY MAKING TWO PAIRS OF WINGS, SECURING THE FEATHERS WITH WAX--



AT LAST THE GREAT TASK WAS DONE-- DAEDALUS WARNED HIS SON NOT TO FLY TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW-- THEN THEY FLEW OFF--

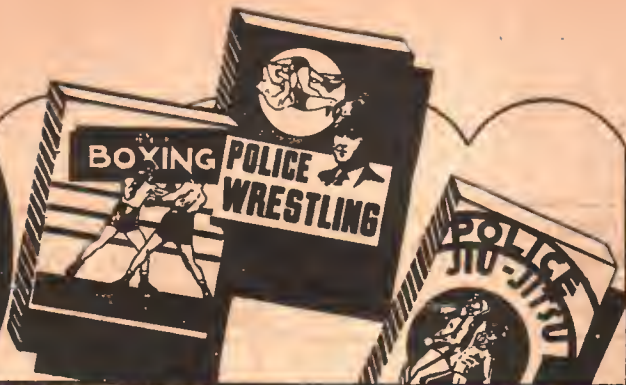


The boy exulted in his new career, and left the guidance of his father, soaring upward as if to reach heaven--

BUT THE NEARNESS OF THE BLAZING SUN SOFTENED THE WAX WHICH HELD THE FEATHERS TOGETHER, AND THE WINGS WERE DESTROYED--



DOWN PLUNGED ICARIUS, AND HIS CRIES OF HELP WERE CUT OFF BY THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SEA, WHICH THENCEFORTH BORE HIS NAME--



ONE BOOK FREE IF YOU ORDER THE OTHER TWO!

BOXING

K.O. Punching,
Scientific Boxing,
Muscle Building

50c

WRESTLING

Police Wrestling,
Destructive
Holds, Punishing
Grips

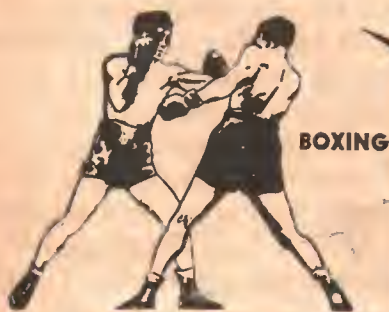
50c

JIU-JITSU

As taught to
Marines, "G"
men, etc.

50c

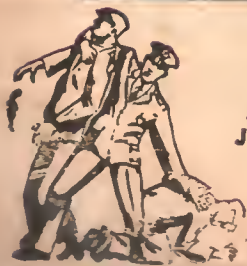
Be the MASTER—NOT THE SLAVE—LEARN THIS EASY, QUICK WAY TO DEFEND YOURSELF IN ANY SITUATION . . . ANYWHERE!



BOXING



WRESTLING



JIU-JITSU

all
3
books
ONLY
\$1.00

If bought
separately
—each—
50c

HERE'S every science of self-defense, and lethal attack, known to man, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. Here's he-man knowledge that will give you a weapon to overcome any enemy no matter how small you are or how big he is. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

In every dynamite-packed page of these sensational book form instructions, experts teach you through pictures and stories our new method. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly bone-crushing Jiu-Jitsu.

Now forget the word fear! Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Imagine the wonderful feeling of confidence that will come when you know that you're nobody's slave, and that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect that others will have for you, and the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly efficient hellion you can be.

You will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method! You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They wanted to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, if you buy any two books, we will give you the third book absolutely FREE.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH COUPON NOW!

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, just fill in the coupon. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus small postage and C.O.D. charges with him. If you are not completely convinced after five days, return the books and your money will be refunded in full. Remember, you buy only two books. We give you the third absolutely FREE. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW. Order yours TODAY!

PICKWICK CO.
Dept. C-5311, 73 West 44th St.
New York 18, N. Y.

Rush a copy of
☐ Scientific Boxing—50¢ ☐ Police Jiu-Jitsu—50¢
(If you check two books, we will send you the third FREE.)

☐ Enclosed find \$..... Please send the books all charges prepaid.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE.....

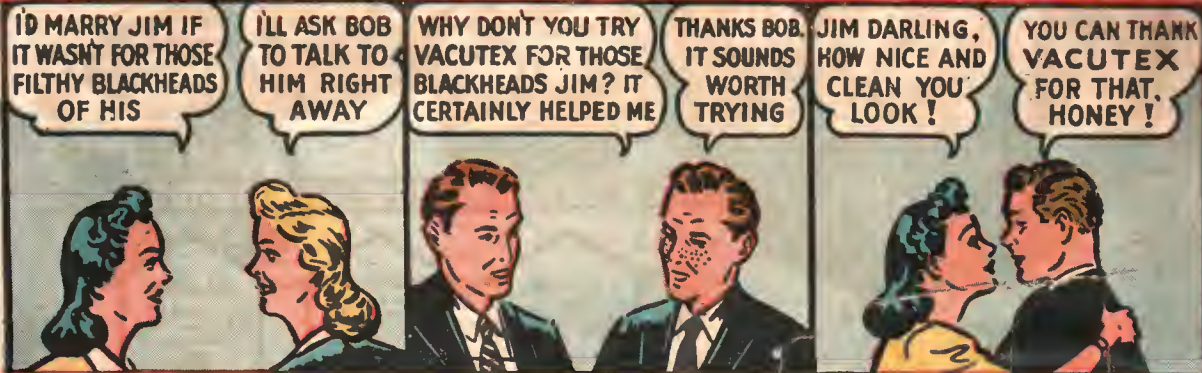
STATE.....

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

☐ Please send all 3 books C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.38.

JVJ-NAKSTAR

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!



**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. A-5011
19 West 44 St., New York, 18, N.Y.**

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

POWER

NARF

10¢
IN CANADA 15¢
P.D.C.

NO. 1

JVJ

